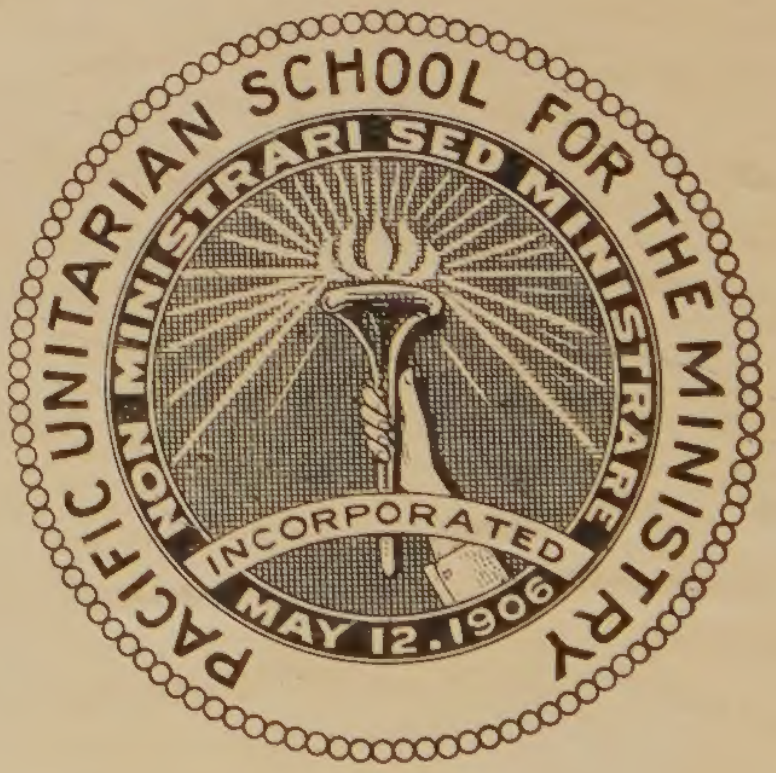
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.



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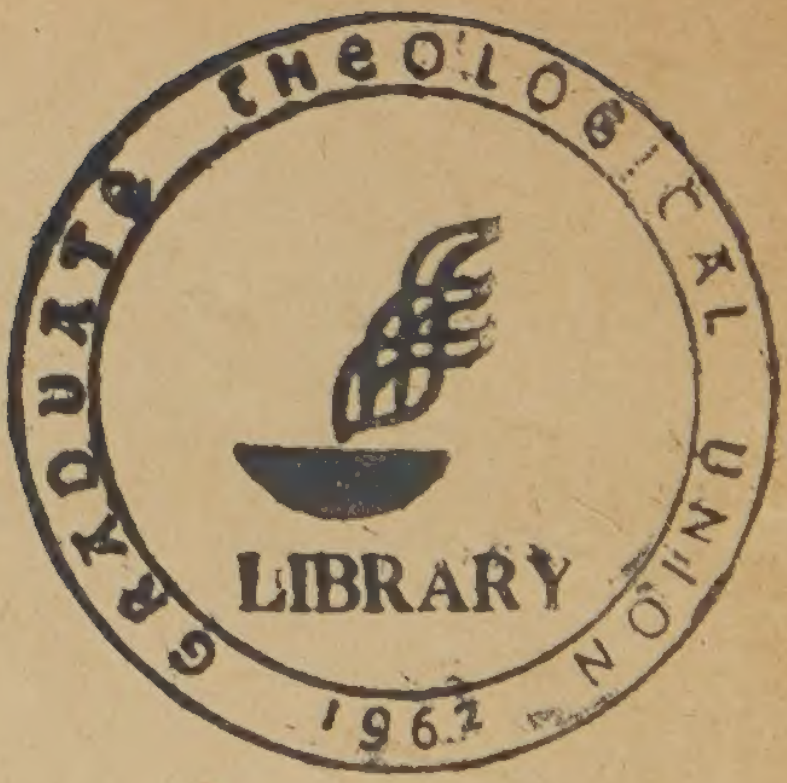

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THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

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Sunday school assoc

WITH SUPPLEMENT & MUSICAL INDEX.

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PREFACE.

It is more than sixty years since the first edition of this Hymn-book was issued. About twenty years later it was revised, and after another twelve years a Supplement was compiled. In 1881, the book was re-cast (by the Editor of the present revision), the bulk of the Supplement being embodied in it and several of the old hymns restored to their original forms. Many new hymns were added. This was known as the 'Third (Revised) Edition.' Then followed a 'New Edition, with Musical Index,'—the hymns contained in it being the same.

The present revision makes but little alteration in the book as it has become familiar in many schools. A few new hymns have taken the place of others which seemed less suitable for Sunday School use, and these substitutions are marked by an *asterisk* following the number at the head of the hymn. Nos. 183 and 216, which were parts of the same hymn, have been put together in a complete form under the latter number. In this case, as in others where verses previously omitted have been restored to their place in a hymn, the alteration is marked by a *dagger* following the number. These indications will lessen the inconvenience

50

of transition from the former to the present edition.

Room has been found for the addition of a short Supplement which includes various hymns suitable for special occasions. Some of these have been inserted by request.

The Musical Index is substantially the same, the only alterations in it being those necessitated by the substitutions and additions already referred to. It is based on the Third Edition of the 'Essex Hall Hymn and Tune Book' (1894), which is well known in our schools.

Hearty thanks are given to various friends for assistance in the work of revision, and to the undermentioned, or their representatives, for permission, generously accorded, to insert copyright hymns :—

The late Mrs. Alexander, 71; Rev. C. D. Badland, 166; Mr. Edward Bailey, 278; Rev. S. Baring-Gould, 259, 339; Miss Matilda Betham-Edwards, 139; the late Professor Blackie, 50; Rev. A. N. Blatchford, 5, 91, 168, 183, 268, 338, 342, 404; Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, 89; Messrs. Cassell & Co. (Limited), 349; Mr. S. Collinson, 125; Mr. J. H. S. Cooper, 401; the late Rev. John Dendy, 347; Mrs. Dendy, 213, 319; the late Rev. John Ellerton, 167, 344, 386, 390; Mr. Mark Evans, 330; Very Rev. Dr. Farrar, 16; Mr. T. H. Gill, 171, 399; Miss Edith Gittins, 397; Mr. W. H. Groser, 122; Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford, 163; Rev. P. M. Higginson, 123; the late Rev. Thomas Hincks, 249; Rev. J. Crowther Hirst, 392; Rev. John Page Hopps, 184, 227, 266, 285, 296, 405; the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield, 245, 280, 332, 350, 352, 357; Mr. Alfred C. Jewitt, 64, 362; Very Rev. Dr. T. W. Jex-Blake, 155; Rev. Joseph Johnson, 402; Messrs. Macmillan & Co., 411; the late Rev. J. T. Marriott, 176; the late Cardinal Newman, 303; Messrs. Nisbet & Co., 90, 233, 242; Mr. S. W. Partridge, 68;

Rev. T. B. Pollock, 126; the late Rev. Dr. Sadler, 14, 69; Mrs. Saxby, 4; Messrs. Strahan & Co., 216; Rev. W. G. Tarrant, 8, 98, 393, 407; the late Rev. L. Tuttiett, 373; the late Mr. I. M. Wade, 229, 343; Rev. Douglas Walmsley, 238; Rev. Joseph Wood, 395.

It is hoped that, in its present form, this book may still be welcomed in the Schools for which it was first prepared long ago. May the blessing of God rest on all Teachers and Scholars who unite to sing His praise, and seek to do His will!

D. A.

August 20th, 1902.

NOTE ON THE MARKING OF THE METRES.

Some definite rule being advisable to indicate the difference between Trochaic Metres, where the accent falls on the *odd* syllables, and Iambic Metres, where the accent falls on the *even* syllables, the letter 'M' in this book stands *first* for Trochaic Metres, and *at the end* for Iambic Metres. Thus 'M.6.5.,' 'M.7.,' 'M.8.7.,' &c., are Trochaic; '6.M.,' '7.6.M.,' 'C.M.,' 'L.M.,' 'S.M.,' &c., are Iambic.

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MUSICAL INDEX.

THIS list is drawn up for the convenience of teachers, parents, and choirmasters. The selection of tunes has been made with great care, so that the sentiment of the hymn should receive an appropriate musical expression. Of course, in many instances, tunes other than those here suggested might be used, and a larger use of the chants might also be made by those who like that form of musical setting.

Except in a few cases, all references are to the Sunday School Association Hymn and Tune Book, **fourth edition (1904).** 'B' refers to the 'Bristol Tune Book'; and 'H.C.S.' to 'Hymns and Choral Songs,' published by the Manchester District Sunday School Association.

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THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

I.

THE PRAISE OF GOD.

1. *Opening of Service.* C.M.D.

NOW to our loving Father, God,
A gladsome song begin;
His smile is on the world abroad,
His joy our hearts within.
We need not, Lord, our gladness leave,
To worship thee aright;
Our joyfulness for praise receive,
Thou makest our lives so bright!

2 We turn to God a smiling face;
He smiles on us again;
He loves to see our cheerfulness,
And hear our gladsome strain.
The pure in heart are always glad,
The smile of God they feel:
He doth the secret of his joy,
To blameless hearts reveal.

2. *God's care of us.* C.M.

COME, let us join, our God to praise,
Whose mercy knows no end;
To him our cheerful voices raise,
Our Father and our Friend.

2 In tender infancy, his care
Preserved our lives from harm;
And still, as years roll on, we are
Protected by his arm.

3 He gives us friends, who seek our good,
And wish to make us wise;
His bounteous hand provides our food,
And all our wants supplies.

4 He gently leads our thoughts on high,
By kind instruction given;
He hears the prayer of infancy,
And points the way to heaven.

3. M.8.7. | 4.7.

'*Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.*'

IN thy courts, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy children, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

THOMAS KELLY, 1815.

4. — — M.8.7.

Prayer for a blessing on the school.

GRACIOUS God, our heavenly Father
Meet and bless our school, we pray
As in humble trust we gather,
Teachers, scholars, here to-day.
Every joy and every blessing,
From thy bounteous hand we own;
May thy love, our souls possessing,
Draw us nearer to thy throne.

2 Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,
From thy precepts, Lord, we stray;
Let thy spirit, from our wandering,
Bring us back to virtue's way.
Humble, penitent, confiding,
May we rest our hope in thee;
In thy favour, Lord, abiding,
In thy peace and purity.

5. **8.7.M.**

Praise for God's watchfulness.

A GLADSOME hymn of praise we sing,
And thankfully we gather,
To bless the love of God above,
Our everlasting Father.
In him rejoice with heart and voice,
Whose glory fadeth never,
Whose providence is our defence,
Who lives and loves for ever.

2 From shades of night, he calls the light,
And from the sod the flower;
From every cloud his blessings break,
In sunshine or in shower.
In him rejoice, etc.

3 Full in his sight his children stand,
By his strong arm defended,
And he, whose wisdom guides the world,
Our footsteps hath attended.
In him rejoice, etc.

4 For nothing falls unknown to him,—
Or care, or joy, or sorrow,
And he whose mercy ruled the past,
Will be our stay to-morrow.
In him rejoice, etc.

5 Then, praise the Lord with one accord,
To his great name give glory,
And of his never-changing love,
Repeat the wondrous story!
In him rejoice, etc.

AMBROSE N. BLATCHFORD, 1876.

6. *The joy of public worship.* C.M.

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above;
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow,
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

THOMAS JERVIS, 1795.

7. *Hour of prayer.* S.M.

IT is the hour of prayer!
Let worldly troubles cease;
Let solemn thoughts our minds prepare,
And hush our souls to peace!

2 Father and God! we fall
With awe before thy throne;
But thou wilt hear us when we call—
We wait on thee alone.

3 While in thy sacred house
We bend the suppliant knee,
O may our pious thoughts and vows
Accepted rise to thee!

4 Our voices, too, shall pay
Glad homage while we live;
Lord! hear us when we humbly pray;
And, hearing, O forgive!

JOHN R. WREFORD, 1837.

8.* *Praise in earth and heaven.* M.6.5.

PRAISES never-ending
Sing the spirits blest,
In the many mansions
Of the land of rest.

2 'Holy! holy! holy!
Lord of Hosts!' they cry;
'Blessing, glory, honour,
Be to God most high!'

3 O to share the beauty
Of that shining throng!
O to blend our voices
In that angel song!

4 Father, heavenly Father,
In these earthly days,
Teach our hearts the music
Of immortal praise :—

5 Lives of grace and goodness,
True and wise and kind ;
Faithfulness in duty,
Purity of mind :—

6 Till we reach the city
Where thy saints adore,
And in light eternal
Praise thee evermore.

W. G. TARRANT, 1898.

9. *Exhortation to grateful praise.* S.M.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Let young and old rejoice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

4 There with benign regard
Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

10. *Exhortation to praise God.* S.M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
And gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his work, and not our own ;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
And listen to his call;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own him Lord of all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

11. L.M.

Praise to God for creation and providence.

GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

12. *Happy praise.* M.7.

O BE joyful in the Lord,
Every land beneath the sun :
In his praise, with glad accord,
Let all tongues and hearts be one!
For our God is God alone,
Whose we are, and not our own ;
We his people are—the sheep
He vouchsafes to rule and keep.

2 Come and join the joyous throng
Who Jehovah's praise proclaim ;
In his courts, with grateful song,
Speak the honours of his name.
Rich his bounty to our race ;
Inexhaustible his grace :
Ready to forgive and bless ;
Ever sure his faithfulness.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

13. *Universal praise to God.* L.M.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair:
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

14. 7.6.M.

Nearness and compassion of God.

TO thee, O God in heaven,
Our joyful hearts we raise,
With love which thou hast given,
To sing our thankful praise.
For though thou art all holy,
Thou still art ever nigh
To hear and keep the lowly
Who lift their hearts on high.

2 Though thou art far above us,
Thou hearest all we say,
For, Father, thou dost love us,
And shield us night and day.
Thy love is in our gladness;
And, blessed be thy name!
That in our hours of sadness
Thy love is still the same.

3 Thou knowest all our weakness;
O keep us in thy way,
That we with love and meekness
Thy precepts may obey.
O help us now to render
A service glad and true;
A spirit good and tender
Do thou in us renew.

THOMAS SADLER, 1880.

15. *Drawing near to God.* M.7.

HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn hour of prayer;
Grant, that while we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to thee;
Let thy presence here be found,
Breathing peace and joy around.

2 Lord, when we approach thy throne,
Make thy power and glory known;
As thy children, may we call
On our Father, Lord of all;
And with holy love and fear
At thy footstool now appear.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1830.

16. *Praise to the God of Love.* M.8.7.

GOD and Father, great and holy!
Fearing nought we come to thee;
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
For thy love has made us free.

By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel-chorus,
'Thou art Love, and Love alone.'

2 Though the world in flames should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Love of thee our heart should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all.
And though heavens thy name are praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone,
Than the strain our hearts are raising,
'Thou art Love, and Love alone.'

FREDERICK W. FARRAR, 1856.

17. *Preparation of the heart.* 6.M.

TO thee, O God, we raise
Our grateful hymn of praise,
By whom our lives are given ;
And for thy grace we pray,
To guide us on the way
Which leads at last to heaven.

2 By every lesson taught,
May we be nearer brought
To what thou dost approve ;
And every moment lent,
So faithfully be spent,
As to draw down thy love.

3 Then, when the day is past,
If it should be our last,
Peaceful its close will be;
And we may hope to go,
Where comes nor pain nor woe,
Throughout eternity.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1879.

18. C.M.

'*He is not far from any one of us.*'

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord,
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.

3 His presence there is spread abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

WILLIAM DRENNAN, 1810.

19. *God universally worshipped.* L.M.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

2 Not now on Zion's height alone,
The favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

5 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung!
To thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

JOHN PIERPONT, 1824.

20. *God our shepherd and guide.* S.M.

THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where runs the river of his grace,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He does my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk through death's
dark shade,
My shepherd still is there.

5 The beauties of thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

21. *'The Lord is my Shepherd.'* S.M.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

22. *God's mercy all-pervading.* C.M.

JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean-deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

JOHN THOMSON, 1840.

23. *Praise for all things.* M.7.

GLORY to our heavenly King!
Bounteous Parent, thee we sing;
Gratitude the strain inspires,
Humble hopes, sincere desires.

2 God of glory! God of love!
Lord of all the worlds above!
Thee we bless for daily food;
Thee we bless for every good.

3 More than all, we praise thee, Lord,
For the blessings of thy word;
For the tidings Jesus brought,
For the precepts Jesus taught.

4 Gracious Father! Heavenly King!
Feeble lips presume to sing;
Infant voices humbly raise
Grateful, fervent songs of praise.

24. *Compassion of God.* S.M.

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great:
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Does all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,—
Or like the morning flower,
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children, young as we, may find
Thy word of promise sure.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

25. *'Thou God seest me.'* L.M.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ; for God is there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

26. *The providence of God.* C.M.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour,
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on thee.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS, 1786.

27. *'God is love.'* M.8.7.

GOD is Love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove:
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above.
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

28. *Universal praise.* M.8.7.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue!
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father! Source of all compassion!
Pure unbounded grace is thine!
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1767.

29. *Confidence in God our Father.* C.M.

O GOD, on thee we all depend,—
On thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend,
In every act appear.

2 With open hand, and liberal heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply;
Thy heavenly blessings still impart
And no good thing deny.

3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love;
To thine appointment we submit,
And every choice approve.

4 In thy paternal love and care
With cheerful hearts we trust;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.

5 We cannot want while God provides--
What he allots is best;
And heaven, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

SIMON BROWNE, 1720.

30. S.M.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 Then, ye that do his will,
In earth or heaven above,
His wonders tell ; and thou my soul,
For ever bless his love !

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

31. *Praise to God.* M.7.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored !
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail !

2 Though unworthy, Lord ! thine ear,
Yet our hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

4 Then no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join in harmony ;
And through heaven's all-spacious round
Praise to thee shall ever sound.

5 Lord ! thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail !
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored !

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS, 1778.

32. *'Early will I seek thee.'* C.M.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or lisp an infant prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thine exhaustless store;
But, ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 Yet I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine:
That I am taught thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

33. *God's mercies.* C.M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered blessings on my head
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those blessings flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue:
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

34. *Praise to God.* M.S.7

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name!
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise!

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1774.

35. C.M.

The ways of God merciful though mysterious.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

36. *God's goodness.* L.M.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

37. M. 7.

'Are ye not much better than they?'

WHILE the lark mounts up on high,
Singing all the morning long,
Can it be that such as I
Never raise one grateful song?

2 But a summer's day is his —
Mine, while endless seasons roll,
Perfect and eternal bliss,
And a never-dying soul.

3 All thy faithfulness and truth
In thy love to me appears;
Be the Father of my youth,
Guide me in my coming years.

38. *Praise to God.* S.M.

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,—
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

39. *Praise to God.* M.8.7. | 4.7.

LET a burst of praise resounding
Bless the God whom we adore,
For his mercies are abounding
As the sands upon the shore.
Heavenly Father,
May we laud thee evermore!

2 Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be to our eternal King!
Swell his triumphs without ceasing,
Till the heavenly arches ring.
Hallelujah!
Let the whole creation sing.

40. *The constant goodness of God.* S.M.

HOW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercy show,
Each night thy love record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refined
Await that blessed day,
When light arises in the mind,
To chase our sins away.

5 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

41. M.8. (irregular).

Praise to the guardian God.

BLESSED be thy name for ever!
Thou of life the guard and giver!
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping;
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

2 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest:
God of evening's parting ray,—
Of midnight gloom,—of dawning day

That rises from the azure sea
Like breathings of eternity,—
God of life that fadeth never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

JAMES HOGG, 1816.

42. *God our shepherd.* 8.7.M.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My longing soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With thee, my God, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy light before to guide me.

4 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy love rich grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From out thy mercy floweth!

5 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Great Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy fold for ever!

SIR H. W. BAKER, 1861 (*altered*).

43. *'Praise ye the Lord.'* 10. | 11.M.

O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above;
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots, his horse, the thunder-clouds form;
And grand is his course on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its stores of wonders untold,
Almighty! thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree;
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light—
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In God place your trust, he never will fail;
His mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, our Father, and Friend!

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1839.

44. *Praise with heart and voice.* C.M.

MY God, my king, thy praise I'll sing:
My heart is all thine own;
My highest powers, my choicest hours,
I yield to thee alone.

2 My voice, awake, thy part to take!
My soul, the concert join!
Till all around shall catch the sound,
And mix their hymns with mine.

3 God's truth and grace fill time and space;
As large his honours be:
Till all that live their homage give,
And praise my God with me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

45. C.M., *with Coda.*

'We thank thee and praise thy glorious name.'

LET every heart rejoice and sing;
Let choral anthems rise;
Let old and young together bring
To God their sacrifice.

For he is good ; the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways ;
With songs and honours sounding loud
The Lord Jehovah praise :
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise,
Let all prolong their grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set :
In heaven his power is known ;
And earth subdued to him shall yet
Bow low before his throne.
For he is good, etc.

46. L.M.

'The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'

THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring :
The Lord omnipotent is King !

2 The Lord is King ! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just ;
Holy and true are all his ways ;
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
The contrite soul he'll ne'er disown ;
And angel bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

4 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake;—
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824.

47. *The divine love unchangeable.* M.8.7. | 7.

O MY soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim;
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.

2 He with loving-kindness crowned thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renewed;
Rich in tender mercy he,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

3 Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath severed thus;
As a father, loving-hearted,
Spares his son, he spareth us;
For he knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

4 From eternity, enduring
To eternity,—the Lord,
Still his people's bliss ensuring,
Keeps his covenanted word;
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children he will bless.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

48. *God's graciousness to man.* C.M.

O LORD, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wondertully shown!

2 Yet are the humble dear to thee;
Thy praises are confessed
By infants lisping at the knee,
And nurslings at the breast.

3 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,—
Thy lights in every land,—

4 Lord! what is man, that thou should'st deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
And then be thine above?

5 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim;
Eternity thy praise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

49. *Ever with me.* 7.6.M.

THOU art with me, O my Father,
At early dawn of day;
It is thy glory brighteneth
The upward streaming ray;

It calls me by its beauty
To rise and worship thee;
I feel thy glorious presence,—
Thy face I may not see.

2 Thou art with me, O my Father,
In changing scenes of life,
In loneliness of spirit,
In weariness of strife;
My sufferings, my comforts,
Alternate at thy will;
I trust thee, O my Father,
I trust thee, and am still.

3 Thou art with me, O my Father,
In evening's darkening gloom;
When earth in night is shrouded,
Thy presence fills my room;
The little stars bring tidings
Of kindness from above;
I love thee, O my Father,
And feel that thou art love.

JANE E. SAXBY, 1841 (*altered*).

50. M.4.4.7.8.8.7.

Praise from the universe.

ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
Tell his glory;
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

6 Praise him ever,
Bounteous giver!
Praise him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE, 1857.

51. *Harmony of praise.* M.7

THOU who art enthroned above!
Thou in whom we live and move!
Thee we bless; thy praise be sung,
While an ear can hear a tongue.

2 O how sweet, how excellent
'Tis with tongue and heart's consent.
Thankful hearts and joyful tongues,
To renown thy name in songs.

3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
Thy high favours to rehearse,
Thy firm faith, in grateful verse.

4 Decks the spring with flowers the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below!
Lord! from thee these blessings flow.

5 Who thy wonders can express?
All thy thoughts are fathomless:
Lord, thou art most great, most high!
God, from all eternity!

GEORGE SANDYS, 1636

II.

GOD IN NATURE.

52. L.M.D.

'The heavens declare the glory of God.'

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
He by wisdom did create
(The) painted heavens so full of state;

3 Did the solid earth ordain
(To) rise above the watery plain;
And, by all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:

4 Caused the golden-tressèd sun
All day long his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

5 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

6 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON, 1623

54. *God the universal benefactor.* L.M.

GOD of the universe! whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race!

2 How vast the region, where thy will
Existence, form, and order gives;
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

3 Lord, while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below;
Those praise thee best, whose bosoms burn
Thy gifts on others to bestow.

WILLIAM TAYLOR, 1795.

55. *God known by his works.* L.M.

THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Where'er we turn our eyes abroad,
To view creation's wonders o'er,
We trace the footsteps of our God,
And bow before him, and adore.

ANNE STEELE, 1760 (*altered*).

56. *The glory of the stars.* L.M.

CHILD of the earth! O lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

2 Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze;
Each is a world, by him sustained
Who from eternity hath reigned.

3 What then, art thou, O child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dewdrop, lost in seas.

4 Yet fear thou not! the sovereign hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care.

FELICIA HEMANS, 1827.

57. *God in all.* L.M.

THERE'S nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

3 The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,

Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816.

58. *The Divine presence.* C.M.

MY heavenly Father! all I see,
Around me and above,
Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee,
And speaks thy wondrous love.

2 The clear blue sky is full of thee,—
The woods so dark and lone,
The soft south wind, the sounding sea,
Worship thee, Holy One.

3 The humming of the insect throng,
The prattling, sparkling rill,
The birds with their melodious song,
Repeat thy praises still.

4 And thou dost hear them every one—
Father! thou hearest me;
I know that I am not alone,
When I but think of thee.

59. *God's goodness in creation.* C.M.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Thy hand is my perpetual guard ;
Thou keep'st me with thine eye :
Why should I then, forget thee, Lord,
Who art for ever nigh ?

ISAAC WATTS, 1715.

60. *God present but invisible.* 8 6.M.

O GOD ! beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high :
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God ! art nigh.

2 Thou'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after thee in vain ;
Thy herald is the stormy wind,
Thy path the watery plain ;
But thee in tempests who can find,
Or in the trackless main ?

3 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control,
Yet still thou art not there;
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is everywhere?

4 O not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1822.

61. *Earth the shadow of heaven.* 8.M.

I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen
With garlands gay, of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seemed to say,
'Our beauties are but for a day!'

2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are numbered!'

3 O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair;
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of sinful earth and mortal man;

How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1827.

62. *The glory of God in the world.* 8.M.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816.

63. *The outer and the inner worlds.* C.M

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,—
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

5 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

64. *Thanksgiving for the flowers.* 8.6. | 8.M.

TO thee our thankful songs we sing,
Great Lord of sea and land!
Eternal Father, heavenly King,
Who, with a generous hand,

By sunlit plains and shady bowers,
Hast strewn the smiling earth with flowers.

2 We thank thee for the blossoms sweet
Thy bounteous love hath given,
That brightly bloom around our feet,
And raise their eyes to heaven ;
And looking up in silent prayer,
Cast fragrant incense on the air.

3 The heart of childhood, blithe and glad,
Rejoices at the sight ;
Unto the weary and the sad
Their presence gives delight.
They aid our joyous hours, and shed
Their fragrance round the sick one's bed.

4 In radiant colours, far and wide,
Their beauty decks the ground ;
The eastern king, in power and pride,
With kneeling slaves around,
In all his pomp and stately ease,
'Was not arrayed like one of these.'

5 We thank thee, then, O Lord of light!
That thou, from year to year,
Dost send the blossoms fresh and bright
Our earthly path to cheer,
And smile upon our toilsome hours.
We thank thee, Father! for the flowers.

ALFRED C. JEWITT, 1879.

65. M.7.

'The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.'

EARTH with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance:
All around, and all above,
Bear the record, 'God is love.'

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze, and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirred:
All these sounds, beneath, above,
Have one burden, 'God is love.'

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, 'God is love.'

THOMAS R. TAYLOR (D. 1835).

66. *God the sustainer of all things.* L.M.

FATHER and Friend! thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

2 Great Spirit! we thy presence feel;
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
To human eyes invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought:
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

67. *God present everywhere.* C.M.

THERE'S not a place in earth's vast round
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
For God is everywhere.

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
Or heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a tempest dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps o'er ocean's bed,
But heaven's own voice is there.

4 There's not a star, whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

6 Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And built the universe.

JAMES C. WALLACE, 1837.

68. *The love of God.* 7.6.M.

HOW dearly God must love us,
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers;
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents holy,
His kindness and his care.

2 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed;

He gives us needful clothing,
  He sends our daily food;
His love denies us nothing
  His wisdom deemeth good.

SAMUEL W. PARTRIDGE, 1840.

69. *The goodness of God.* C.M.

COME, let us sing our hymn to God,
  For great and good is he;
He made the earth; he made the sky;
  He made the mighty sea.

2 And all that swim within the sea,
  And all that fly the air,
And all that dwell in field or wood
  Are creatures of his care.

3 But he to us his richer gifts
  Of mind and heart hath given,
That we may feel his tender love,
  And lift our hearts to heaven.

4 O may we be his children true,
  And make it our delight,
To do his holy will by day,
  And rest in him at night.

THOMAS SADLER, 1880.

70. *Beauty without and within.* L.M.D.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
  The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from thee.

Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As thou dost gird thine own with love.

2 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in thy sight
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns thy spirit's might.
So, while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts thy love has given,
Help us in thee to live and die,
By thee to rise from earth to heaven.

BISHOP G. E. L. COTTON, 1856.

71. 7.6.M. (1st ver. irregular.)

The Maker of Heaven and Earth.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,—
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

4 The purple headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

5 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848.

72. *God manifest in creation.* M.7.

EVERY gentle gale that blows,
Every little stream that flows
Through the green and flowery vale,
Every flower that scents the gale,
Every soft refreshing shower
Sent upon the drooping flower,
Every tempest rushing by,
Says to man that God is nigh.

2 Lofty hills with forests crowned,
Deserts where no tree is found,
Rivers, from the mountain source,
Winding on their fruitful course,
Ocean with its mighty waves,
Rocks and sands, and pearly caves,
All that in the ocean dwell,
Unto us his goodness tell.

3 Every little creeping thing,
Every insect on the wing,
Every bird that warbling flies
Freely through his native skies,
Beasts that far from man abide,
Those that gambol by his side,
Cattle on a thousand hills,
Say that God creation fills.

4 He has taught, with wondrous art,
Each to act his proper part;
Food and shelter how to gain,
How to guard itself from pain;
Make its own existence bright,
While it serves for man's delight.
All his creatures every hour
Speak of God and show his power.

73. *'God is good.'* L.M.

OUR God is good! each perfumed flower,
The smiling fields, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour,
All things proclaim that 'God is good.'

2 Each little rill, which many a year
Has the same verdant course pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Join in the song that 'God is good.'

3 The countless hosts of twinkling stars
Which e'en the keenest sight elude,
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of light, that 'God is good.'

4 The restless sea, with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billow rude,
Retreats submissive from the shore,
And joins the chorus, 'God is good.'

5 The moon, that walks in brightness, says
That 'God is good,'—and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should loudly echo, 'God is good.'

ELIZA L. FOLLEN, 1839.

74. *'Consider the lilies.'* M.6.5

HARK! the lilies whisper,
Tenderly and low,
'In our grace and beauty,
See how fair we grow.'
Hark! the roses speaking,
Telling all abroad,
Their sweet, wondrous story
Of the love of God.

2 And if toil and trouble
Be our lot below,
Think upon the lilies,—
See how fair they grow.
Flowers of field and garden
All their voices blend;
And their Maker's praises
To our souls commend.

75. *Lessons from flower and bird.* M.7. (irr.)

LO ! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven !
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy :
'Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow !

2 Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose ?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air ?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily :
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow !

3 One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny ;
One there lives who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall.
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow !'

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1827.

76. *The tribute of Nature.* M.6.5.

SEE the shining dewdrops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving, as they sparkle,
'God is ever good.'

2 See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
'God is ever good.'

3 Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple, saying,
'God is ever good.'

4 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
'God is ever good.'

5 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,—
While all nature utters,
'God is ever good.'

77. *The providence of God.* 6. | 8. M

REJOICE! the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

2 His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air ;
The vales their tribute bring,—
The promise of the year :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4 He leads the circling year,
His flocks the hills adorn,
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the fields with corn :
O happy mortals ! raise your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

5 Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days !
O bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

JOHN TAYLOR, 1795.

78. *God in the seasons.* C.M.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost and fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the Sovereign Lord.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

79. *Creation and Providence.* L.M.

PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 His saints are lovely in his sight ;
He views his children with delight :
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

80. *God's goodness.* M.7.

GOD of nature, God of love,
Seen below, around, above,
Traced in every varied form,
Heard in every awful storm ;

2 Glorious in the noonday light,
Mild and beautiful in night ;
Now, O bounteous Lord, to thee
Low we bend the suppliant knee.

3 'Tis thy goodness glows around,
Decks the fields and clothes the ground ;
'Tis thy breath, in gentle gales,
Sweeps along the dewy vales.

4 'Tis thy bounteous hand distils
Healthful waters from the hills:
Lord, to thee thy children owe
Every blessing here below.

81. *The universal Providence of God.* L.M

THE earth, and all the heavenly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim;
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft refreshing shower.

2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields its various fruits to men;
To men, who from his bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.

3 Nor to the human race alone
Is his paternal goodness shown;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air
Enjoy his universal care.

4 Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath
Till God permits the stroke of death:
He hears the ravens when they call;
The Father and the Friend of all!

THOMAS GIBBONS, 1769.

82. *The lesser children of the Father.* C.M.

TURN, turn, the hasty foot aside,
Nor crush the helpless worm:
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.

2 The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

3 Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive:
O do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give!

THOMAS GISBORNE, 1803.

83. *Hymn of the voiceless.* 8.M.

MAKER of earth, and sea, and sky,
Creation's Sovereign, Lord, and King,
Who hung the starry worlds on high,
And formed alike the sparrow's wing,
Bless the dumb creatures of thy care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

2 For us they toil, for us they die,
These humble creatures God has made;
How shall we dare their rights deny
On whom God's seal of love is laid?
Kindness to them is mercy's plea;
So deal with them as God with thee.

III.

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

84. M.7.6.

'All nations shall call him blessed.'

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

85. *The sacred story.* M.8.7.

EVER find I joy in reading
In the ancient holy book,
Of the gentle Teacher's pleading,
Truth in every word and look.

2 How, when children came, he blessed them,
Suffered no man to reprove:
Took them in his arms, and pressed them
To his heart with words of love.

3 How no contrite soul e'er sought him
And was bidden to depart;
How with gentle words he taught him,
Soothed and healed the broken heart.

4 Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new.
Lord, that I may share his glory,
Make me tender, loving, true!

LUISE HENSEL, 1829.
(*Lyra Germanica*, altered).

86. 11.8.12.8.M. (Anap.)

'*Suffer the little children to come to me.*'

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children, as lambs to his fold,—
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,

That I might have seen his kind look when
he said,
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

2 If Jesus were here, and would smile on my
song,
When to love him and please him I tried,
With sweetest hosannas I'd join in the throng,
And would press myself close to his side.
And if they should chide me, or send me away,
I would cling to his sheltering knee,
And would tell them the words he himself
once did say,
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

3 Now a beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are cleansed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'
But thousands and thousands who wander
and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for
them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

JEMIMA LUKE (except v. 2), 1841.

37. 10.M.

'The Way, the Truth, and the Life.'

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of
men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and
woe:

2 We look to thee; thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes! thou art still the Life; thou art the Way,
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

THEODORE PARKER, 1846.

88. *Jesus teaching the people.* L.M.

HOW sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.'
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,—
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

89.* *Jesus and the children.* 8. | 6. M.

IT fell upon a summer day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers of the village brought
Their children to his knee.

2 He took them in his arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
'Suffer these little ones to come
To me,' he gently said.

3 'Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childlike heart your hearts within,
Unto my kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in.'

4 Master, I fain would enter there;
O let me follow thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

5 Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.

6 O happy thus to live and move!
And sweet this world, where I sha find
God's beauty everywhere, his love,
His good in all mankind.

7 Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
So pure, so strong to heal.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE, 1881.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.'
I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.'
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.'
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

91.* *Remembrance of Jesus.* M.7.

LONG shall sweet remembrance tell
How, of old, from Jesus fell
Looks of love and words of cheer,
While the children lingered near:

Love like his, O God, we pray,
For the children of to-day.

2 Beautiful his life from youth,
Full of grace, and full of truth ;
Like a star on darksome way,
Shining unto perfect day.
Life like his, O God, we pray,
In the love of Christ to-day !

3 Bending 'neath the cruel cross,
Fearing neither pain nor loss,
Bravely bearing all thy will,
Owning thee his Father still :
Strength and trust like his, we pray
'Mid the dangers of our way !

4 Like the gladdening beam of morn
From the shades of night new-born,
Hope immortal o'er his tomb
Rises from the dust and gloom ;
Faith and hope, O Lord, we pray,
While we wait the eternal day !

AMBROSE N. BLATCHFORD, 1890.

92. *The repose of faith.* M.7.

HAPPY soul, that free from harm
Rests within his Shepherd's arm !
Who his quiet shall molest ?
Who shall violate his rest ?

2 Seek, O Lord, thy wandering sheep ;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep :

Take on thee my every care ;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.

3 Let me know thy gracious voice ;
More and more in thee rejoice ;
More and more of thee receive ;
Ever in thy spirit live :—

4 Live, till all thy love I know,
Perfect in my Lord below ;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

93. L.M.

The love of Jesus to his fellow-men.

'SEE how he loved !' exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell ;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2 See how he loved ! who, firm, yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue ;
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.

3 See how he loved ! who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death ;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

4 Such love can we, unmoved, survey ?
O may our breasts with ardour glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show !

SARAH BACHE, 1812.

94. *The gospel of peace.* L.M.

AND is the Gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be!
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom with meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live!

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

95. *The new commandment.* C.M.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours ;
And swift our feet shall move,
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1848.

96. *The cross.* M.8.7.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,—
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

97. *Oneness with God.* M.7.

FATHER of eternal love !
Glorify thyself in me ;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart alone on thee.

2 Humble, holy, all-resigned,
May I say, 'Thy will be done' ;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

3 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod ;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God !

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

98.* *Trust in God.* M.8.7.

LONG ago the lilies faded
Which to Jesus seemed so fair,
But the love that bade them blossom
Still is working everywhere.

2 On the moors, and in the valleys,
By the streams we love so well,
There is greater glory blooming
Than the tongue of man can tell.

3 Long ago in sacred silence
Died the accents of his prayer ;
Still the souls that seek the Father
Find his presence everywhere.

4 In the multitude adoring,
In the chamber sad and lone,
He is there to help and comfort,
As they pray, 'Thy will be done!'

5 Let us seek him, still believing
He that worketh round us yet,
Clothing lilies in the meadows,
Will his children ne'er forget.

W. G. TARRANT, 1896.

99. *Learning from Jesus.* M.7.

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blessed Father, gracious One!
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;—
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord,
In my meekness thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die:—

5 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above ;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS, 1844.

100. *'The universal Prayer.'* C.M.

FATHER of all ! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,—
The universal Lord !

2 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than death to shun
That, more than life pursue.

3 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way !

4 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

5 This day be bread and peace my lot ;
All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not !
And let thy will be done !

ALEXANDER POPE, 1738.

101. *The Lord's Prayer.* L.M.

FATHER, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
O let us in thy kindness share,—
Our fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power;
Be thine the glory evermore!

102. *Prayer for heavenly food.* L.M.

THY name be hallowed evermore;
O God! thy kingdom come with power!
Thy will be done, and day by day,
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

2 Lord! evermore to us be given
The living bread that came from heaven.
Water of life on us bestow;
Thou art the Source, the Fountain, thou!

LOUIS R. WEST, 1801.

103. *Pleasures of Religion.* M.7.

'TIS Religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis Religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity :
Be the living God my friend,
And my bliss shall never end !

MARY MASTERS, 1755.

104. *The gospel.* S.M.

WHEN fleecy snows descend,
And cover hill and plain,
It is a gift which God doth lend,
To be returned again.

2 When sunny days come round,
The dews and vapours rise,
Ordained to carry from the ground
Its tribute to the skies.

3 But first through all the field
The gift of heaven must spread ;
Seed to the sower it shall yield,
And to the eater bread.

4 And such, all-gracious Lord,
Thy voice of promise tells,
Shall be the influence of thy word,
Where'er that influence dwells.

5 It shall not be in vain,
It shall not void return ;
Thy truth its purposes shall gain
And men thy precepts learn.

6 My God ! so let it be
Within this heart of mine :
The seed of faith be found in me,
The fruit of love divine !

105. *Emblems of the gospel* 6. | 8.M.

MARK the soft falling snow,
And the diffusive rain ;
To heaven, from whence they fell,
They turn not back again,
But water earth through every pore,
And call forth all her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine ;
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 'So,' saith the God of grace,
'My Gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend.
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.'

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

106. *The Apostles.* C.M.

BEHOLD, the apostolic band,
The servants of the Lord,
Convey to each remotest land
Their Master's heavenly word.

2 A holy charge on them was laid,
And well that charge they bore,
As, trusting in their Father's aid,
They passed from shore to shore.

3 Fearless, when hostile men combined,
They stood in power and love,
And with the serpent's wisdom joined
The mildness of the dove.

4 And when disease, or sword, or flame,
From earth had set them free,
Their souls to heaven, from whence they came,
Sprang upward, Lord ! to thee.

STEPHEN G. BULFINCH, 1832.

107. *Glad tidings.* S.M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found !

3 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

4 Christians ! unite your voice,
And cheerful notes employ ;
Let the glad tidings swell your songs,
Till heathens learn the joy.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

108. *The heralds of the cross.* C.M.

FORTH went the heralds of the cross,
No dangers made them pause;
They counted all the world but loss,
For their great Master's cause.

2 Through looks of fire and words of scorn,
Serene their path they trod;
And, to the dreary dungeon borne,
Sang praises unto God.

3 Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,
Love changed to cruel hate,
And home to them was home no more;
Yet mourned they not their fate.

4 In all his dark and dread array,
Death rose upon their sight;
But calmly still they kept their way,
And shrank not from the fight.

5 They knew to whom their trust was given,
They could not doubt his word;
Before them beamed the light of heaven,—
The presence of their Lord.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

109. *God's goodness in the gospel.* C.M.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore:
A spring, whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest,
In every cheerful ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love restores the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters bend the vines,
With harvests wave the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the gospel seen;
There, like the sun, thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between.

THOMAS GIBBONS, 1769.

110. *The teachings of God.* S.M.

BEHOLD! the lofty sky
Declares its Maker God;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land,
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And order of his throne.

4 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

111. *The value of the Scriptures.* L.M.

STILL let me love the sacred page,
Where truths from heaven recorded lie,
That, while I tread this mortal stage,
I may be taught to live and die.

2 Still let me bind it to my heart,
The richest jewel I can wear,—
That, when all other charms depart,
Its lustre still may sparkle there.

3 Father ! thy truth shall be my guide,
Thy promises my soul shall cheer ;
And when by sin or sorrow tried,
O may thy smile dispel my fear !

112. *Our fathers' faith.* 8.7.M.

OUR fathers' faith, we'll sing of thee,
Dear faith, which still we cherish :
Nor may their children's children see
That faith decay and perish.
'Tis faith in God, 'tis faith in man,
'Tis faith in truth and beauty,
In freedom's might, and reason's right,
And all-controlling duty.

2 We may not think our fathers' thought ;
Their creeds our lips may alter :
But in the faith they dearly bought,
Our hearts shall never falter.
'Twas faith in God, etc.

3 O may that faith our hearts inspire
To earnest thought and labour;
That we may share its heavenly fire
With every friend and neighbour.
'Tis faith in God, etc.

JOHN W. CHADWICK, 1875.

113. *The kingdom of God.* S.M.

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

5 Come, kingdom of our God!
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

JOHN JOHNS, 1837.

114. *The kingdom of God upon earth.* C.M.

THE Lord will come, and not be slow—
His footsteps cannot err :
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

3 Rise, Lord ! judge thou the earth in might ;
This longing earth redress ;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

4 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

5 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done :
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

JOHN MILTON, 1648.

IV.

THE RELIGION OF CHILDHOOD.

115. *Prayer for the Divine Spirit.* S.M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
O hear an infant's prayer:
Stoop down and make my heart thy home
And shed thy blessing there.

2 Thy light, thy love, impart;
And let it ever be
A holy, humble, happy heart—
A dwelling place for thee.

3 Let thy rich grace increase,
Through all my early days,
The fruits of righteousness and peace,
To thine eternal praise.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP, 1838.

116. *Thanks to God for his care.* C.M.

LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2 'Tis thou preservest me from death,
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou givest me power.

3 My health, and friends, and parents dear
To me by God are given ;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey !

ANN TAYLOR, 1809.

117. *Earnestness in prayer.* C.M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while,
About some other thing.

3 Some idle play or childish toy
Can send my thoughts abroad ;
Though this should be my greatest joy—
To love and seek the Lord.

4 O let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer,
That comes not from the heart.

ANN TAYLOR, 1809.

118. *Seeking God.* 7.6.M.

WE come, O God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing.
Along our path are glowing
The tokens of thy love,
Like streams of bounty flowing
In mercy from above.

2 Health, peace, and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near;
O Father, thou dost send us
Unnumbered blessings here!
And though we, in our blindness,
Enjoy, but disobey,
Yet still, thou, in thy kindness,
Takest not thy gifts away.

3 Here, then, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to thee we raise;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will, henceforth, for ever
Shall be our only guide;
From duty's path we'd never,
O never turn aside.

119. *Children asking God's help.* M.8.7.

LITTLE children stand before thee,
Lord, to offer up their praise;
Deign to hear their infant voices,
While the humble hymn they raise.

2 We would praise and bless Thee, Father,
For the Saviour thou hast given;
He was our great teacher,--leader,
Sent to guide us all to heaven.

3 May we follow his example,
Give our youthful hearts to thee,
And like him, O Lord, the beauty
Of thine own salvation see!

4 May we know the precious lessons
That we in thy Bible find;
May its heavenly precepts ever
Make us humble, good, and kind!

5 Little children ask thy blessing,—
May they ever seek thy face;
Make them, like their great Redeemer
Grow in wisdom and in grace.

120. *Public worship.* L.M.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure or my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

121. *Preparing for the Christian life.* C.M.

NOW that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay before I further run,
And give myself to God.

2 And lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

3 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretell;
But since the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

4 Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
O Lord, forsake me not.

5 Then still, as seasons hasten by,
I will for heaven prepare;
That God may take me when I die,
To dwell for ever there.

JANE TAYLOR, 1809.

122. *Childhood's days.* M.6.5. | 6.6.5.

SUNNY days of childhood!
Beautiful ye seem,—
Fair as spring-tide flowers,
Bright as summer's beam.
Days with joy o'erflowing,
Care nor sadness knowing,
Must ye pass away?

2 Happy days of childhood,
Swiftly moving on,
Into manhood changing,
Ye will soon be gone ;
Like a streamlet flowing,
Pause nor stillness knowing,
Thus ye pass away !

3 Precious days of childhood !
Days of promise fair,
If bedewed with wisdom,
Rich the fruits ye bear :
Jesus' footsteps keeping,
Blest shall be our reaping
In life's harvest day.

4 Sunny days of childhood !
We no tear will shed
When like spring-tide flowers,
Youth and health are fled ;
Earthly scenes forsaking,
We shall hail the breaking
Of an endless day.

W. H. GROSER, 1861.

123. *The Child's faith.* 8.7.8. | 7.M.

O BIRD so blithe, O bird so blithe,
How firm thy trust abideth !
Thou sowest not, thou reapest not ;
And hoarded grain thou heapest not ;
Yet bird so blithe, O bird so blithe,
God for thy wants provideth.

2 O lily fair, O lily fair,
How sweet thy beauty's story !
Thou toilest not, thou spinnest not,
And earthly honours winnest not ;
Yet lily fair, O lily fair,
Thou art arrayed in glory.

3 O childhood bright, O childhood bright,
How sweet the joy thou bringest,
When, trustful as the bird in air,
And simple as the lily fair,
O childhood bright, O childhood bright,
Thy happy song thou singest.

4 O bird in air, O bird in air,
Think not of coming sorrow.
The Father dear who loveth all,
Doth bear thy wing, doth watch thy fall ;
So bird in air, O bird in air,
Still leave to him the morrow.

5 O lily frail, O lily frail,
How soon thy glory waneth !
Up-springing with the morning glow,
At evening's breath thou liest low ;
Yet lily frail, O lily frail,
Thy fragrance still remaineth.

6 O childhood brief, O childhood brief,
Though swift thy days pass by us,
May thy firm trust, thy simple grace,
Be aye our strength in manhood's race ;
Then childhood brief, O childhood brief,
Thy joy shall still be nigh us.

PHILIP M. HIGGINSON, 1879.

124. *Prayer for guidance.* M.8.7. | 4.7.

IN our childhood's morning, Father,
While the world is bright and fair,
We would in thy presence gather,—
Find our truest pleasures there;
Seek thy blessing,
Ask thy guardian love and care.

2 Fain would we upon thine altar
Lay the hearts that should be thine;
But our feeble footsteps falter,—
Guide us by thy light divine;
Shine around us,
Sun of Righteousness, O shine!

3 Shield us in temptation's trial,
Be our strength when we are weak;
Aid us in each self-denial,
Make us loving, truthful, meek;
And thy glory,
May our daily conduct speak.

125. *The consecration of childhood.* 7.6.M.

THE dew of youth still glistening
Upon our trembling feet,
We would, whilst thou art listening,
Approach thy mercy-seat.
O Father! name endearing,
That name we hallow now;
Thy love our pathway cheering,
Before thee we would bow.

2 May, Lord, thy kingdom reaching
Wide over sea and shore,
Be still thy children teaching
To love thee evermore;
And as in heaven the blessèd
For ever do thy will,
So be on earth confessèd
Thy power and goodness still.

3 Father! on thee relying
For every daily need,
To all our prayers replying,
Thou wilt thy children feed;
And grant that our transgression
Against thy holy word,
With humble deep contrition,
May gain forgiveness, Lord.

4 Of heavenly strength the Giver,
Thy help to us impart:
From trials strong deliver
Our weak and fainting heart.
Lord! thine be all the power,
The might and majesty,
As in this fleeting hour,
So through eternity.

S. COLLINSON, 1860.

126. *Children's litany.* M.7. | 6.

FATHER! from thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye;
Hear us, O our Father!

2 Little hearts may love thee well,
Little lips thy love may tell,
Little hymns thy praises swell ;
Hear us, O our Father !

3 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly thine ;
Hear us, O our Father !

4 Be thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray ;
Keep us, O our Father !

5 Father, from thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,—
Till our life on earth is done,
Keep us, O our Father !

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1870 (*altered*).

127. *Children's prayer.* M.6.5.

FATHER ! high in glory,
Lend a listening ear ;
When we bow before thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When thy praise we sing.

3 We are only children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Father, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee;
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when thou shalt call us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
Father, Lord, we come.

128. *God our Father.* L.M.

GREAT God! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend;
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2 Art thou my Father? canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer;
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

5 Art thou my Father? then at last
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above!

ANN TAYLOR, 1809.

129.* *Praise to God.* 6. | 4. M.

ABOVE the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel-hosts on high
Sing praises to their God;
Hallelujah!
They love to sing
To God their King
Hallelujah!

2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise.
Hallelujah, etc.

3 O blessed Lord, thy truth
To children now impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know thee as thou art.
Hallelujah, etc.

4 The early dew of love
On thirsting souls O send;
And solace from above
With worldly sorrows blend.
Hallelujah, etc.

5 O may thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
Hallelujah, etc.

JOHN CHANDLER.

130.* *What Children can do.* 7.6.8. | 6.M.

O WHAT can little hands do,
To please the king of heaven?
The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery:
Such grace to mine be given.

2 O what can little lips do,
To please the king of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given.

3 O what can little hearts do,
To please the king of heaven?
Our hearts, if God his spirit send,
Can love and trust their heavenly Friend:
Such grace to mine be given.

4 When hearts, and hands, and lips unite
To please the king of heaven,
And serve the Father with delight,
They are most precious in his sight:
Such grace to mine be given.

131. '*Thy Father who seeth in secret.*' C.M.

THE Lord attends when children pray—
A whisper he can hear:
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.

2 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to him are known,
Wherever we may be.

3 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say;
The heart must with the lips agree,
Or else we do not pray.

4 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright;
Thy grace to us impart;
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve thee with the heart.

132. *Child-like trust.* C.M.D.

AS helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm:

So I, my Father, cling to thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To thine almighty power.

2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;
So I to thee, my Father, look,
And in thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society;
So sitting at thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
To love thee more and more.

JAMES D. BURNS, 1857.

133. *The battle of life.* P.M.

THE children are gathering from near and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call to the war;
The cross is our ensign, its cause makes us strong,
We'll gird on our armour whilst marching along.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on your armour, and be marching along;
The cross is our ensign, in its cause we are strong,
Then gird on your armour, and be marching along.

2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver, or turn in dismay;
'The Lord is our strength,' be this ever our song,
And firm in this faith we'll go marching along.
Marching along, etc.

3 Through trial and conflict our crown we must win,
And fearlessly war with temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,
If God is but with us while marching along.
Marching along, etc.

— BRADBURY.

134. *Childhood's offering.* 7.6.M.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health;
We, too, would bring our treasures,
To offer to the King:
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring him hearts that love him,
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that ever
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them:
Yet these a child may bring.

135. *The ever-present God.* C.M.

GOD is in heaven. Can he hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, that he can; I need not fear:
He'll listen unto mine.

2 God is in heaven. Can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can; he looks at me
All day and all night long.

3 God is in heaven. Would he know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes; though I said it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven. Does he care,
Or is he good to me?
Yes; all I have to eat or wear,
'Tis God that gives it me.

5 God is in heaven. May I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes; love him, seek him, and one day
He'll call me to the sky.

ANN TAYLOR, 1809.

136. *God's presence and care.* C.M.

FROM his high throne above the sky,
The Lord can all things see;
I cannot see him, but his eye
Looks kindly down on me.

2 He cared for me before I knew
That I had such a friend;
When my first feeble breath I drew,
He did my life defend.

3 He keeps me still, by his great power,
From danger night and day;
I could not live a single hour,
If he were far away.

4 But he is always near and kind,
And loves to hear my prayer;
May I his tender mercy find,
And trust his love and care.

137. *Prayer for help.* C.M.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
And O accept my prayer!
Thou hearest all the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

138. *Child's evening prayer.* M.8.7.

FATHER, heavenly Shepherd, hear me!
Bless thy little lamb to-night!
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day thy hand has led me
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me when I die to heaven,
Evermore with thee to dwell.

MARY L. DUNCAN, 1839.

139.† *Life.* 8.6. | 7.6.M.

GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow ;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.
O Father, help thy children ;
Do thou our footsteps guide ;
We walk in peace and safety,
While keeping at thy side.

2 God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all :
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.
O Father, help thy children, etc.

3 God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.
O Father, help thy children, etc.

4 God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have,
May serve my neighbours best.
O Father, help thy children, etc.

5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise ;
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.
O Father, help thy children, etc.

MATILDA BETHAM-EDWARDS, 1873.

140. *Trust in God.* M.11.10.

HEAR us, our Father! we know thou wilt hear us;
Nor need our voices ascend far away;
Thou art around us, within us, and near us;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

2 Love us, our Father! we know thou wilt love us,
Thy little children who turn unto thee;
For all around us, within us, above us,
Proofs of thine infinite kindness we see.

3 Aid us, our Father! we know thou wilt aid us;
We are so feeble, and thou art so strong;
Almighty Power that made and sustains us,
Thou wilt protect us from danger and wrong.

4 Hear us, our Father! and help us and love us,
Till more and more of thyself we shall know,
Whether we go to the bright world above us,
Or stay to serve thee in homes here below.

141. *The brightness of life.* M.7.

HOLY Father! life is fair,
I have known no secret care;
Sunbeams all around me rest,
Joy is still my bosom's guest.

2 Holy Father ! life is fair,
Therefore listen to my prayer ;
Let me come within thy fold,
Ere my heart grows hard and cold.

3 Though I am so happy now,
Health upon my youthful brow,
Yet I know that life will bring
Winter, too, as well as spring.

4 Therefore take me to thy breast,
Let me on thy bosom rest :
Fill my heart with love divine,
Let thine image in me shine.

5 Teach me how to pray aright,
How to keep my God in sight :
Let me walk each day with thee,
And do thou my Father be.

6 Then my life will all be bright,
Thou wilt be my joy and light ;
And I shall not fear to die,
Heaven will be my home on high.

ELIZA A. GODWIN.

142. *God the Creator of all things.* C.M.

GOD made the sun to shine by day,
The moon to shine by night ;
And all the stars that sparkle so,
And look so very bright.

2 God made the world in which I live,
The sea, and all the land ;
And everything that lives and moves
Is nourished by his hand.

3 God made the flowers that bud and blow,
And grow beneath my feet :
He made them look so beautiful,
And smell so very sweet.

4 God gives me food, and clothes, and friends,
And health, and all I need ;
I cannot find the words to tell
How good he is indeed.

5 God bends his ear to what I say,
He hears an infant's praise :
O Father, teach my heart to love
And serve thee all my days !

143. *God's goodness.* C. M

I LOVE to see the glowing sun
Light up the deep blue sky ;
Along the pleasant fields to run,
And hear the brooks flow by.

2 How fresh and green the trees appear !
What blooming flowers I find !
O surely God has sent them here
To tell us he is kind.

3 The beasts that on the herbage browse
Thank him in different ways ;
And little birds upon the boughs
Sing sweetly to his praise.

4 Though I am but a little child,
Yet I to God belong ;
And if my heart is undefiled,
The Lord will hear my song.

144. *The teaching of created things.* C.M.D.

I ASKED the little joyous bird,
Who taught him how to fly,
And sing his songs so sweetly in
The bright blue morning sky ;
He told me it was God above,
Who gave to him his wing,
And taught him how to build his nest,
And taught him how to sing.

2 I asked the little lovely flower
That grew beneath my feet,
Who dressed her in her velvet coat
And gave her fragrance sweet ;
She told me it was God above,
Who clothed her with such care,
And taught her how to sweetly breathe
Upon the evening air.

3 I asked the little twinkling star
Who taught him how to shine,
And run his course so steadily
Along his proper line ;
He told me it was God above,
Who bade him shine so bright,
And trim his little tiny lamp
To cheer the winter night.

4 Since all things, then, look up to God—
The flower, the star, the bird;
And all obey his holy laws,
And listen to his word;
I, too, although a child, will try
His bidding to obey,
That I may learn to please him, too,
And serve as well as they.

145. *Singing from the heart.* P.M.

IF you have a pleasant thought,
Sing it, sing it;
Like the birdies in their sport,
Sing it from the heart;
When your happy soul within,
Throwing off its care and sin,
Would a thankful prayer begin,
Sing it from the heart.
Singing, singing from the heart,
O the bliss our songs impart!
Let us praise the tuneful art,
Singing from the heart.

2 Are you weary? are you sad?
Sing it, sing it;
Make yourselves and others glad,
Sing it from the heart;
Angels up before his face,
Sing of his redeeming grace,
Give the Father endless praise,
Sing it from the heart.
Singing, etc.

3 Have you felt the Father's love?
Sing it, sing it;
Join the angel-choirs above,
Sing it from the heart:
Let your praises, full and free,
Rise in joyous melody;
When you would right thankful be,
Sing it from the heart.
Singing, etc.

H. R. PALMER.

146. *The true life.* M.7.

FATHER, God! we look to thee;
Meek and humble may we be;
Pride and anger far remove;
Rule us by thy law of love.

2 Teach us for our friends to pray,
And our parents to obey;
Richest blessings from above,
Give them for their tender love.

3 May we find the sweets of prayer
Sweeter than all pleasures are;
Love the Sabbath and the place
Where we learn to seek thy face.

4 Cleanse our hearts, our sins forgive;
Grant that long as we may live,
We may give our souls to thee,
And thy faithful children be.

147. *God the friend of children.* C.M.

GREAT Guardian of our youthful days,
To thee our prayers ascend ;
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
O thou, the children's Friend !

2 From thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend ;
O save our souls from sin and woe,—
Thou art the children's Friend.

3 Teach us to prize thy holy word,
And to its truths attend ;
Then shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the children's Friend.

4 O may we feel the Saviour's love,
And willing service lend,
To him who, sent by God above,
Was here the children's Friend.

5 Lord, draw our youthful hearts to thee,
And when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With thee, the children's Friend.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP, 1830 (*altered*).

148. *The child-like heart.* C.M.

BLEST Father ! let me be a child,
A little child of thine :
Thou hast on infant spirits smiled,
O kindly smile on mine.

2 Make me a child in simple ways,
In heart more simple still ;
Believing all my Father says,
And doing all thy will.

3 Give me a nature pure and true,
My wayward heart control ;
And day by day thy grace renew
The childhood of my soul.

4 May this sweet spirit ne'er depart,
Midst all my joys and cares ;
And may I be a child in heart,
Through all my following years.

ALFRED J. MORRIS, 1867 (*altered*).

149. '*Children, love one another.*' L.M.

THE God of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree,
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When loving children join to sing.

2 For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store ;
And children here, who dwell in love,
Are like the holy ones above.

3 The gentle child that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word,—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

4 Great God ! forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will and disagree ;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind !

ANN TAYLOR, 1809.

150. C.M.

'Lead me in thy truth, and teach me.'

TEACH me, O Lord, where'er I move
To find some trace of thee,
And read some record of thy love
In everything I see.

2 If beauteous flowers should open near,
From thee their beauty springs ;
If thorns and nettles make me fear,
Thy power controls their stings.

3 In every path of daily life
Uphold me in thy fear ;
Teach me, midst scenes of peace or strife,
To say, My Father's here.

4 I know that I am very frail,
A poor and helpless child ;
And fearful foes my heart assail
Along the pathway wild.

5 Then teach me, Lord, where'er I move,
To find some trace of thee,
And read some record of thy love
In everything I see.

E. PAXTON HOOD, 1853.

151. *All have their duties.* M.5.6.

GOD entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.
Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

2 Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.
Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,—
Helps to swell the treasure.

3 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task,
Which to me was given.
God entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1846.

152. *The Father of all.* M.7.7.4. | 7.

LITTLE beam of rosy light,
Who has made you shine so bright?
'Tis our Father.'

Little bird with golden wing,
Who has taught you how to sing?
'Tis our Father.
'Tis our Father, God above,—
He has made us, he is love.'

2 Little blossom, sweet and rare,
Who has made you bloom so fair?
'Tis our Father.'
Little streamlet in the dell,
Who has made you, can you tell?
'Tis our Father.
'Tis our Father, God above,—
He has made us, he is love.'

3 Little child with face so bright,
Who has made your heart so light?
'Tis our Father.'
Who has taught you how to sing
Like the merry bird of spring?
'Tis our Father.
'Tis our Father, God above,—
He has made us, he is love.'

FANNY J. CROSBY.

153. '*And the Lord called Samuel.*' 6. | 8.M.

WHEN little Samuel woke
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke
How much did he rejoice!
O blessed, happy child to find
The God of heaven so near and kind!

2 If God would speak to me,
And say he is my friend,
How happy I should be!
O how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And I beneath his care
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed.
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

4 Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
'Speak, Lord; I would obey
The voice that I have heard.
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.'

ANN TAYLOR, 1809.

154. *The voice of God.* 6. | 8.M.

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark:
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept:

And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord !
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word ;
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
Where in thy house thou art,
Or watches at thy gates
By day and night,—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned,
To thee in life and death,
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

JAMES D. BURNS, 1856.

155. *The trust of life.* M.8.7.

LORD, we thank thee for the pleasure
That our happy lifetime gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives :—

2 Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above ;
Human tears and human laughter,
And the depth of human love ;—

3 For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free ;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer thee.

4 Teach us so our days to number
That we may be lowly-wise ;
Dreary mist, or cloud of slumber,
Never dull our heavenward eyes.

5 Hearty be our work and willing,
As to thee and not to men :
For we know our souls fulfilling
Is in heaven,—not till then.

T. W. JEX-BLAKE, 1855.

156. *Life's mission.* L.M.

GO forth to life, O child of earth,
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth :
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

2 Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control ;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

3 Go on, from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth ;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

4 Then forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

157. C.M.

The years of innocence and temptation.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

2 Lo ! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 O thou, whose infant feet were led
Within thy Father's shrine !
Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,
Were all alike divine ;

5 We seek that Spirit's bounteous breath,
We ask his grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own !

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1812.

158. M.8.7. | 4.7.

God the guardian of our days.

FATHER, let thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And thy ever gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through ;
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

2 Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from thee;
In the morn of our existence,
Let us thy salvation see—
Pure in spirit,
Then shall we thy children be.

3 When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength defend us,—
Father, hear us when we pray:
Thou art mighty,
Be thou, then, our rock and stay.

MARTHA E. SHELLY, 1844.

159. *The inner light.* C.M.

HOW beautiful the setting sun!
The clouds how bright and gay!
The stars appearing one by one.
How beautiful are they!

2 And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night!

3 And can it be, I am possessed
Of something brighter far?
Glows there a light within this breast
Outshining every star?

4 Yes; should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.

5 This is the soul that God has given—
Sin may its lustre dim,—
But goodness bears it up to heaven,
And leads it back to him.

160. *Life in God.* 7.6.M.

I READ of 'many mansions'
Within the house divine;
I need not go to find them,
For one of them is mine;
God lives in mine and loves me;
Who else could bring the day?
Who spread the sleep upon me?
Who give me hands to play?

2 And when I say, 'Our Father,'
It seems so far to pray,
To think of heaven up yonder;
I can but turn and say:
'Dear Father, close beside me,
I feel thee dimly near,
In every face that loves me,
In each kind word I hear.'

3 He's the touch of mother's fingers,
So full of love and care;
He's the pleasantness of trying,—
The help inside the prayer.
I do not understand it,
But so it seems to be,
There always is that Other,
Whom I but dimly see.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT, 1875.

161. *Time and eternity.* C.M.

HOW long, sometimes, a day appears !
And weeks, how long are they !
Months move as slow as if the years
Would never pass away.

2 But even years are passing by
And soon must all be gone ;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

3 Days, months, and years must have an end ;
Eternity has none ;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.

4 Great God ! an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be ;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

JANE TAYLOR, 1809.

162. *Children's worship.* C.M.

WE come in childhood's innocence,
From dread or terror free,
To offer up, O God, our hearts
In trusting love to thee.

2 Well may we think with sacred joy
Of thy bright courts above ;
Well may the grateful child rejoice
In such a Father's love.

3 In joy we wake, in peace we sleep,
Safe from all dread alarms;
Not folded in an angel's wings,
But in a Father's arms.

T. GRAY, JUNR.

163. *Guidance.* M. 11. 1-3, 5; 12. M. 4.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us, Shepherd kind;
We are only children, weak, and young, and blind.
All the way before us thou alone dost know;
O lead us, heavenly Father, singing as we go:—
Lead us, heavenly Father, singing as we go.

2 Lead us, heavenly Father, on our opening way;
Lead us in the morning of our little day;
While our hearts are happy, while our souls are free,
O may we give our childhood as a song to thee.
May we, etc.

3 Lead us, heavenly Father, as the way grows long;
Be our strong salvation, be our joyous song.
Gladdened by thy mercies, chastened by thy rod,
O may we walk through all things humbly with our God.
May we, etc.

4 Lead us, heavenly Father, by thy voices clear,
Through the prophets holy, through the Saviour dear,
He who took the children in his arms of love:
O may we all be gathered in his home above.
May we, etc.

BROOKE HERFORD, 1875.

164. C.M.D.

'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'

YE joyous ones upon whose brow
The light of youth is shed,
O'er whose glad path life's early flowers,
In glowing beauty spread;
Forget not him whose love hath poured
Around that golden light,
And tinged those opening buds of hope
With hues so softly bright.

2 Thou tempted one, just entering
Upon enchanted ground,
Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
Ten thousand foes surround—
A dark and a deceitful band
Upon thy path they lower,—
Trust not thine own unaided strength
To save thee from their power.

3 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
May soon be dimmed with tears,—

To whom the hours of bitterness
Must come in coming years,—
Teach early thy confiding eye
To pierce the cloudy screen,
To look above the storms of life
Eternally serene.

R. H. WATERSTON.

165. *My kingdom.* C.M.D.

A LITTLE kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads;
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my will and deeds.

2 How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire,
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

3 Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear!
Teach me to lean on thee, and feel
That thou art very near:

That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since thou, with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

4 I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win ;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in *myself*,
And dare to take command.

LOUISA ALCOTT.

166.† *The abiding Father.* P.M.

FATHER, who lovest us,
Hear us thy children when we cry !
Father, who lovest us,
Help or we die !
Pity our weakness and succour us ever !
Father, we cry to thee ;
Thou failest never.

2 O thou most holy God,
Oft though we wander from thy way !
Call us in mercy back,
Whene'er we stray !
Save us, forgive us, and guide thou us ever !
Father, we cry to thee, etc.

3 Now our life's morning sun
Shines on our way with rosy light;
Soon will the day be done,
Sink into night.
Lighten our darkness, abide with us ever!
Father, we cry to thee, etc.

4 Still as our years increase,
And sorrow's waves above us roll,
Father of love and peace,
Keep thou our soul!
Teach us to trust thee and rest in thee ever!
Father, we cry to thee, etc.

5 Many glad days and bright,
We of thy mercy would implore.
Help us to do the right,
Still more and more!
Save us from evil, and bless thou us ever!
Father, we cry to thee, etc.

CHARLES D. BADLAND, 1880.

167. *'We are not our own, but thine.'* M.7.

FATHER! name of love and fear!
Lo, thy children venture near;
Trembling at thy footstool stand;
Lowly kneel beneath thy hand.

2 Thine we were, before our eyes
Opened first on earth and skies;
Thine, before our lips could frame
This, thy dear and awful name.

3 Through our childhood's joys and fears,
Through our schooltide's passing years,
Love Divine, unchanging, free,
Calls and draws our hearts to thee.

4 Lord, with strength renewed to-day,
Send us forth on life's rough way;
Bound to thee by love's own cords,
Living, dying, still the Lord's.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

168. *The Christian life.* C.M.D.

O LORD of life! for all thy care
We bless thy holy name;
From hour to hour thy mighty power
And love abide the same.
Now while the world before us lies,
Untried, and all unknown,
Our childhood's prayer, for safety there,
We lay before thy throne.

2 Praise to thy name, O God, for him,
The pure and perfect one—
Jesus,—thine own, thy best beloved,
And thy best loving Son.
Blest be the message that he bore
Of love and truth divine!
Thrice blest his glorious life and death
Of old in Palestine!

3 And though thy children may not hear
On earth those accents sweet,

Which blessed the little ones, who loved
His gentle look to meet,
His spirit still can shield from ill,
Still lives in all its power,
To soothe, to brighten and to bless
Each dark or troubled hour.

4 So, like the Saviour may we live,
Until our sun go down ;
And find, whate'er our toil or pain,
Behind the cross, the crown.
Enough for us, like him, to trust
And love thy gracious will,
For come what may through life's long day,
Thou art 'our Father' still.

5 When the last silence softly steals
Across our earthly way,
To end all care, and hush all strife,
And close our mortal day,—
Then, Father, may thy deathless love
Waft us to that bright shore,
Where all who loved and served thee here
Shall love and serve thee more.

AMBROSE N. BLATCHFORD, 1875.

169. *Prayer for aid through life.* L.M.

LET children to their God draw near,
With reverence and with holy fear ;
Let every knee before him bend,
Our Judge, our Father, and our Friend.

2 Lord, may thy mercies, great and free,
Fill us with gratitude to thee ;
And still, as through the world we go,
More of these mercies may we know.

3 Far from our hearts, O Lord, remove
The evil thoughts that sinners love ;
And give us wisdom, day by day,
To choose the strait and narrow way.

4 In times of sickness, or of health,
In times of poverty or wealth,
And in our last or dying hour,
Save us by thine almighty power.

5 Then may we join the happy band,
That in thy heavenly temple stand ;
And throng, with joy, its hallowed floor,
To sing thy praises evermore !

JOHN G. FLEET, 1847.

170. *First-fruits.* S.M.

FAIR waved the golden corn,
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to his temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran—
'The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest he gives to man.'

4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may thy children be.

5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve thy church below,
And join thy saints in heaven.

JOHN H. GURNEY, 1838.

171.† *Waiting on the Lord.* C.M.

YOUNG souls, so strong the race to run,
And win each height sublime!
Unweary still would ye march on,
And still exulting climb?

2 Walk with the Lord! along the road
Your strength he will renew!
Wait on the everlasting God,
And he will wait on you.

3 Burn with his love! your fading fire
An endless flame will glow ;
Life from the well of life require !
The stream will ever flow.

4 Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
Still in the Spirit strong :
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend the exulting song.

5 Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
And heights sublime explore,
Like eagles ye shall sunward gaze,
Like eagles, heavenward soar.

6 Your wondrous portion shall be this,
Your life below, above :—
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
And everlasting love.

THOMAS H. GILL, 1869.

V.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER AND CHRISTIAN WORK.

172. *The pure in heart.* C.M.

WHO shall behold the King of kings
In his fair dwelling-place?
Who shall ascend on seraph wings,
And see him face to face?

2 He, the foundations of whose hope
In humble thoughts are laid;
Who still with cheerful faith looks up
For pardon and for aid;

3 Who hastens, with the dawning day,
The throne of grace to seek;
And, taught himself, would teach the way
Of peace to all the weak;

4 Whose fervent spirit eager springs
To do thy will, O Lord!
Who sees thee in all beauteous things,
Who hears thee in thy word.

5 Though frailty mark and error dim
That mortal's steps while here;
An eye of mercy looks on him,
And warns him not to fear.

EMILY TAYLOR, 1818.

173. *The pure in heart.* S.M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

174. *The Divine aid implored.* 8.M.

O GRANT me, Lord, myself to see,
Against myself to watch and pray;
How weak I am, when left by thee,—
How frail, how apt to fall away!
If but a moment thou withdraw,
That moment I may break thy law.

2 Father, thou art my only trust,—
To thee with trembling hope I call;
O raise the feeble from the dust,
And let me never faint or fall;
Let not thy love be given in vain,
Nor let me turn to sin again.

3 The pure, the watchful mind bestow,
That trembles at the thought of sin;
Let me thy full salvation know,
Let me the prize of glory win;
Preserve me, lest I go astray,
And keep me in thy perfect way.

175. *Prayer for guidance.* M.7.

LORD! accept my early vows,
Like fresh incense in thy house,
Let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.
Watch my lips and guard them, Lord!
Check the rash and idle word;
Turn my feet where'er I stray,
Lead me in the perfect way!

2 Search and try my every thought,
Though my heart accuse me not:
Walking in a false disguise,
Who can meet thy searching eyes?
Teach me, Lord, thy holy will,
Lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the spirit of thy love
Guide me to thy courts above!

176. *Drawing nigh to God.* C.M.

HERE in the hallowed hour we bend,
And humbly seek the grace—
The benedictions, which descend
On every sacred place.

2 Forbid our selfish thoughts; subdue
Lord, now, all ill desires;
That we may grow more loving, true,—
Cleansed, kindled by thy fires.

3 Breathe in our consciences thy light
Of duty, path divine;
Quicken our hands to do the right,
Our righteousness is thine.

4 Breathe in our hearts a holy love;
And, from all bondage freed,
We will be bound to heaven above,
And mortals in their need.

5 This hour must pass—ere it go by,
We pray, O God, thy grace,
To let not the sweet influence die,
Here, in the sacred place.

JOHN T. MARRIOTT, 1879.

177. *Life's voices.* M.7.

MANY voices seem to say—
'Hither, children, here's the way;
Haste along and nothing fear,
Everything is pleasant here!'

2 Yes, but whither would you lead?
Is it happiness indeed,
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to shame and woe?

3 We were made for better things;
High as heaven our nature springs;
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.

4 We were made to love, revere,
Him who made and placed us here;
Made to study and fulfil
All his good and holy will.

178. *The inner voice.* C.M.D.

THERE is a voice of singing birds,
So merry and so glad;
There is a voice of little streams,
That sounds both sweet and sad;
There is a loud and fearful voice
Of thunder in the sky;
There is a voice among the leaves
Of breezes passing by.

2 We love to hear these voices speak,
We listen to their sound;
We should not like so well to have
A silence all around.
But there is yet another voice,
That speaks in gentler tone:
I think that we can hear it best,
When we are quite alone.

3 It is a still, small, holy voice—
The voice of God most high—
That whispers always in our heart,
And says that he is by.
The voice will blame us when we're wrong,
And praise us when we're right;
We hear it in the light of day,
And in the quiet night.

4 And even those whose ears are deaf
To every other sound,
When they have listened, in their hearts
The little voice have found.
And they have felt that God is good,
And thanked him for his voice,
That taught them what was right and true,
And made their hearts rejoice.

179. *Conscience.* C.M.D.

THE still small voice that speaks within,
I hear it when, at play,
I speak the loud and angry word
That drives my friend away.
The voice within, the voice within,
O may I have a care;
It speaks to warn from every sin
And God has placed it there.

2 If falsehood whispers to my heart
To tell a coward lie,
To hide some careless thing I've done,
I hear the sad voice nigh.
The voice within, etc.

3 If selfishness would bid me keep
What I should gladly share,
I hear again the inner voice,
And then with shame forbear.
The voice within, etc.

4 I thank thee, Father, for this friend
Whom I would always heed:
O may I hear the slightest tone
In every time of need.
The voice within, etc.

FANNY FAGAN, 1875.

180. *'He first loved us.'* M.7.

HEAR ye not a voice from heaven
To the listening spirit given?
'Children, come,' it seems to say,
'Give your hearts to me to-day.'

2 Father, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet bidding to obey!
Sweeter lesson cannot be.
Loving him who first loved me.

3 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

181. *The love of God.* 8.M.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
Then shall my heart from care be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

2 Father ! thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care !
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there :
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may 'Abba, Father,' cry.

3 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call !
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
'I am thy life, thy God, thy all !'
Thy love to reach, thy voice to hear,
Thy power to feel, be all my prayer.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731
(*translated* JOHN WESLEY, 1738).

182. '*Give me thy heart.*' M.8.7.

TAKE my heart, O Father ! mould it
In obedience to thy will ;
And, as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it true and child-like still.

2 Father, keep it pure and lowly,
Strong and brave, yet free from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of a vain or sinful life.

3 Ever let thy might surround it ;
Strengthen it with power divine ;
Till thy cords of love have bound it,
Father, wholly unto thine.

183.* *Prayer for strength.* 10.4. | 10.M.

LORD of our life! whose love, from year to year,
Lights up our way;
Speak to our hearts, and tell us thou art near
In childhood's day;
And tho', like rainbow tints, bright hours may fly,
Thy care, thy power, thy truth can never die!

2 How many blessings has thy constant care
Around us cast!
No bliss, no grief, but thou wert with us there,
From first to last;
For health, and home, and friends, and wisdom's store,
For all, O Lord, thy goodness we adore.

3 Thou hast been with us, Father, all our life,
Though we forgot;
Still in the days of manly toil and strife
Forsake us not!
O, give us strength thy holy will to do,
And stand to faith and duty bravely true!

4 Lord, hear the prayer, so often prayed before,
That we may know
The debt of love to Christ, who came of yore,
Thy children owe;
Him would we follow, whatsoe'er betide,
And gladly trust our faithful Shepherd-guide.

5 Lord of our life ! how bright, how full, how clear
Thy mercies shine !
Keep in thy love, so constant and so dear,
Our lives all thine !
And be that love that lights our morning prime
Proclaimed no less in life's soft vesper chime !

AMBROSE N. BLATCHFORD, 1885.

184. *'Thou art the guide of my youth.'* M.7.

FATHER, lead me day by day,
Ever in thine own sweet way :
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

2 When in danger, make me brave ;
Make me know that thou canst save :
Keep me safe by thy dear side ;
Let me in thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong ;
And, when all alone I stand,
Shield me with thy mighty hand.

4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

5 When my work seems hard and dry
May I press on cheerily ;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

6 May I see the good and bright
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

7 May I do the good I know;
Be thy loving child below;
Then at last go home to thee,
Evermore thy child to be.

J. PAGE HOPPS, 1876.

185. *God the ruler of our life.* L.M.

O GOD of truth, O Lord of might!
Who orderest time and change aright,
Brightening the morn with golden gleams,
Kindling the noonday's fiery beams,

2 Quench thou in us the flames of strife,
From passion's heat preserve our life,
Our bodies keep from perils free,
And give our souls true peace in thee.

AMBROSE (D. 397, *translated* J. M. NEALE, 1863).

186. *Resignation.* C.M.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou wilt not fail to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

187. 8. | 4.M.

A litany of work and worship.

O THOU to whom our voices rise,
King of the earth, and air, and skies,
For all the blessings that we prize,
We thank thee, Lord!

2 For work and rest, for home and friends,
For health and strength thy mercy sends,
That we may serve the noblest ends,
We thank thee, Lord!

3 For idle word and trifling thought,
For selfish pleasure we have sought,
When all for thee we should have wrought,
Forgive us, Lord!

4 From anger, pride, and selfish care,
From want of faith in work or prayer,
From sin that we would rashly dare,
O save us, Lord!

5 We trust thy wisdom, love, and power;
When all is bright—when sorrows lower—
Through all our life—in death's last hour,
Be with us, Lord!

DENDY AGATE, 1872.

188. *The charge of life.* S.M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

189. *'Teach me thy way, O Lord.'* C.M.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands,—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

190. *'I am still with thee.'* S.M.

STILL with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee:

2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,—
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer:

3 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With thee, my heart would find:

4 With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose ;
Calm, in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

5 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

JAMES D. BURNS, 1856.

191. *The Spirit of God.* M.7.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be ;
And with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal ;
And with actions bold and meek,
Christ's own gracious spirit speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be ;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly,
Follow Christ's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would quiet be ;
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made ;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would mighty be ;
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail ;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And, whatever I can be,
Give to him who gave me thee.

THOMAS T. LYNCH, 1855 (*altered*).

192. *Prayer for guidance.* M.8.7. | 4.7.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven !
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

193. *Contentment in God's guidance.* M.7.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,—
Why should I the burthen bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

194. *Self-dedication.* 8. | 6. M.

O LORD ! thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee ;
To thee, my God ! to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee :
On thee, my God ! on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place :
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee :
To thee, my God ! to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee :
In thee, my God ! in thee.

JEAN F. OBERLIN, 1820 (*translated*).

195. *The harmony of love.* M. 7.

LORD ! subdue our selfish will ;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

2 Sweetly on our spirits move ;
Gently touch the trembling strings ;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings !

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

196. *Love, the sign of God's presence.* M.7.

IN the midst do thou appear,—
Lord ! reveal thy presence here ;
Sanctify us now, and bless ;
Breathe thy spirit,—give thy peace.

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite ;
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined.

3 Father ! still our faith increase ;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
Thee, the unholy cannot see ;
Make, O make us, meet for thee !

4 Mutual love, the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee ;
Only love to us be given,
Lord ! we ask no other heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

197. *'That they also may be one in us.'* **M.7.**

FATHER ! at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee !
Each to each unite, and bless ;
Keep us in thy perfect peace.

2 Plant in us the humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind ;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

3 Lord of our supreme desire !
Fill us now with heavenly fire :
Nobly may we bear the strife,—
Keep the holiness, of life.

4 Still forget the things behind,—
Follow Christ in heart and mind ;
To the mark unwearied press,—
Seize the crown of righteousness.

5 Father ! fill us with thy love ;
Never from our souls remove ;
Dwell with us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

198. *The praise of Love.* **M.7.**

LET us sing the praise of Love,
Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
Bringing on its blessed wings
Life to all created things.

Wheresoe'er its light is shed,
Sorrow lifts its drooping head ;
And the tears of grief that start
Turn to sunshine in the heart.

2 Let us sing the praise of Love,
Fairest of all things above :
How its blessed sunshine lies
In the light of loving eyes !
And when words are all too weak,
How its deeds of mercy speak !
They who learn to love aright
Pass from darkness into light.

3 Let us sing the praise of Love,
Everywhere,—around, above ;
Watching with its starry eyes
From the blue of boundless skies ;
Heeding when the lowly call ;
Mindful of a sparrow's fall ;
Writing on the flower-wreathed sod,
'God is Love, and Love is God.'

(*A. J. Davis's Manual*).

199. *The beauty of the world.* **7.6.M.**

THIS world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above ;
And, if we do our duty,
It may be full of love.
Our heavenly Father framed it,
And filled it with delight ;
And man alone hath shamed it,
By sin's destructive blight.

2 When only truth is spoken
Will angels talk with men,
And everything betoken
How man is born again.
The leafy, whispering breezes,
The flow'rets of the sod,
And birds hymn forth their praises
Into the ear of God.

3 The zephyr soft that bringeth
The music of the sea—
Each voice of nature—singeth
This happy song to me;
This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And, if we do our duty,
It may be full of love.

REID.

200. *The consecration of life.* M.8.7.

BRIGHT the path of life before me,
Every want by love supplied;
From the heavens, smiling o'er me,
Watch and keep me, blessed Guide!
Friend above us, guard and love us,
Make us grateful, true and free;
Thou the nearest and the dearest,
May we live, O God, to thee.

2 Give, O give the holy feeling
That will keep me always thine!
Peace and tender love revealing,
Make these gifts for ever mine.
Friend above us, etc.

3 Make me wiser, make me stronger,
Teach me heavenly charity ;
Guard me yet a little longer,
Draw me gently unto thee.
Friend above us, etc.

(*Philadelphia Collection*).

201. *Kind hearts.* 7.6.M.

O WHAT a world this might be,
If hearts were always kind ;
If, friendship, none would slight thee,
And fortune prove less blind.
With love's own voice to guide us,
Unchanging e'er and fond ;
With all we wish beside us,
And not a care beyond !
O what a world this might be,
More blest than that of yore !
Come, learn, and 'twill requite ye,
To love each other more.

2 O what a world of beauty
A loving heart might plan,
If man did but his duty,
And helped his brother man ;
Then angel guests would brighten
The threshold with their wings,
And love divine enlighten
The old forgotten springs.
O what a world this might be,
More blest, etc.

202. *Cheerfulness.* S.M.

THE brooks that brim with showers,
And sparkle on their way,
Will freshen and will feed the flowers,—
Thus working while they play.

2 Nor will our hearts do less,
If happily we live;
For cheerfulness is usefulness,—
The life we have we give.

3 Truth is a sacred rain—
Our hearts but scanty rills,
Which higher power and pleasure gain,
As truth the current fills.

4 If freely we receive,
We freely will bestow;
And tokens of our passage leave,
Where'er we shine and flow.

THOMAS T. LYNCH, 1855.

203. *Kindness.* 6.5.M.

BE kind to each other:
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

2 Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy reprove;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those we love.

3 Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing;
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling.

4 O be kind to each other:
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

204. *Brotherly love.* C.M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight
And so fulfil his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,—
Our wishes all above,—
Each can his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN, 1792.

205. M.8.7.

'Every one that loveth is born of God.'

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down:
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Father, thou art all compassion.
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation:
Come with peace to every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746.

206. *A brother's judgment.* C.M.D.

THINK kindly of the erring one:
O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but fallen in the path
We have in weakness trod.

2 Speak gently to the erring ones:
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet mayest be:
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

FLETCHER, 1846.

207. *Words.* M.7.

WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear,
For us, or against us, there.

2 O how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin;
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray;
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of thee;
Till, in heaven, we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

JOHN G. FLEET, 1847.

208. *The lowly heart.* C.M.

LORD! for the lowly heart we pray,
The meek and humble mind,
The soul that looks to thee alway,
Calm, cheerful, and resigned.

2 If higher praise another gain,
And be to us preferred,
Teach us to see, and feel no pain,
And vent no angry word.

3 If poor our state, and mean our store,
Still let our feeling be,—
Lord, it is good, and more, far more,
Than we deserve from thee.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

209. *The two commandments.* C.M.

WHAT is the first and great command?
To love thy God above;
And what the second? As thyself,
Thy neighbour thou shalt love.

2 Who is my neighbour? He who wants
The help which thou canst give;
And both the law and prophets say,
'This do, and thou shalt live.'

WILLIAM ROSCOE, 1818.

210. *'Who is my neighbour?'* C.M.

WHO is thy neighbour? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim:
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him!

Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim:
With words of high sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him!

4 Thy neighbour? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery:
Go share thy lot with him!

W. B. O. PEABODY, 1823.

211. *Prayer for kind affections.* C.M.

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in other's joy,
And weep for other's woe!

3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 O be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought!
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

212. *Resignation to God's will.* C.M.

O LORD, in sickness and in health,
To every lot resigned,
Grant me, before all worldly wealth,
A meek and thankful mind.

2 As, Life, thy upward path we tread,
And often pause in pain
To think of friends or parents dead,
O let us not complain!

3 The Lord may give or take away,
But nought our faith can move,
While we to heaven can look, and say,—
'OUR FATHER lives above.'

213. *Trust in God.* M.7.

AS a little helpless child
Lies within its mother's arms,
By her touch and accent mild,
Quieted from all alarms,
So, my Father, may I lie
'Neath thine all-protecting eye.

2 When on life's rough sea I'm tossed,
Storm and darkness o'er my head,
Strength exhausted, courage lost,
Every hope within me dead,
Father! let me cling to thee,
Bid each doubt and terror flee.

3 Take, O take me to thy fold!
Let thy Spirit quicken me!
Never let my love grow cold!
Never let me turn from thee!
So, at length, I safe shall rest,
Happy on my Father's breast.

SARAH DENDY, 1880.

214. *Trust in God's wisdom.* C.M.

AUTHOR of good ! to thee I turn;
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide :
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill ;

4 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts supply ;
The good, unasked, in mercy grant,—
The ill, though asked, deny.

JAMES MERRICK, 1763.

215. *Conversing with God.* C.M.

SPEAK with us, Lord ! thyself reveal
While here on earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care ;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice:
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face,
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

216.† *Prayer for strength.* 8.6.M.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me:
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For him on whom I wait.

5 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,—
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

6 In service which thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850.

217. *Secret prayer.* C.M.

SWEET is the prayer, whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows:

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, celestial love, inspires,
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend,
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts, the prayer.

Manchester [*Mosley St.*] *Sel.*, 1829.

218. '*Pray without ceasing.*' 7.6.M.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

3 O not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The power that he hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer!

Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

JANE C. SIMPSON, 1831.

219. *God's blessing asked on our lives.* C.M.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of beauty shine:
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their course be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hearts to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin;
With thee each day be spent;
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

220. *Prayer.* C.M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,—
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword in the hour of death :
He enters heaven with prayer

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays !'

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

221. *Prayer in all times and places.* M.7.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1808.

222. *The hour of prayer.* L.M.D.

SWEET hour of prayer; sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer:

FANNY CROSBY, 1861.

223. *Prayer for wisdom.* C.M.

ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift,
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift,

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom : Lord ! impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

224. *'Courage, brother !'* M.8.7.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night ;
There's a star to guide the humble :
'Trust in God, and do the right.'
Do the right, do the right.
Trust in God and do the right.

2 Though the road be long and dreary,
And the end be out of sight,
Foot it bravely—strong or weary ;
'Trust in God, and do the right.'
Do the right, etc.

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
'Trust in God, and do the right.'
Do the right, etc.

4 Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding,
'Trust in God and do the right.'
Do the right, etc.

NORMAN MACLEOD, 1857.

225. *The disciple's prayer.* M.7.

GOD of Jesus! hear me now,
Take the meek disciple's vow;
Thou so good, so true, so kind,
Fill me with the Saviour's mind.

2 Plant, and root, and fix in me
Trust, as of a child, in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find,
Like Messiah's quiet mind.

3 Anger then I ne'er shall feel,
Always even, always still;
Meekly on my God reclined,
Like Messiah's gentle mind.

4 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in every lot resigned,
Like Messiah's patient mind.

5 When his faith is rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear ;
Fear doth servile spirits bind,
Not Messiah's noble mind.

6 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
May I to the end endure !
Be no more to ill inclined,—
Like Messiah's perfect mind !

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

226. *Prayer for a holy mind.* C.M.

FATHER in heaven ! to whom my heart
Would lift itself in prayer,
Drive from my soul each earthly thought
And show thy presence there.

2 Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord ;
Each moment is itself a gift,
To bear me on to God.

3 O Father ! kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS, 1822.

227. *The lessons of life.* C.M.

WHEN thou rebukest me for good,
My Father, tell me so ;
That I, in all thy better ways,
With willing heart may go.

2 And when thy ways are in the deep,
Thy footsteps all unknown,
Then give me, Lord, to feel, to know,
I am not left alone.

3 And when thy heavens shine on me,
O teach me what they say—
How winsomely they ask my heart
To joy in God alway.

4 And when my tasks are sad and hard.
O teach me what they mean,
How earnestly they ask my soul,
Alone on God to lean.

5 Yea! every hour and in all things,
May I my Father see;
And live a life of child-like trust,—
My heart at rest in thee.

J. PAGE HOPPS, 1860.

228. *The presence of God.* 8. | 4. M.

O GOD, we stand beneath thy sky,
We feel thy winds go sweeping by,
We hear thy rain with tender sound
Fall on the ground.

2 We look below us and above,
Thy presence fills the world with love,
And light and joy; O who would flee,
Father, from thee?

3 If we have sinned, we can but lay
Our burden at thy feet, and pray
For nobler thought and firmer will
Our souls to fill.

4 Then, from thy winds, and birds, and skies,
Songs of consoling love shall rise;
O God, how sweet it is to flee
From sin to thee!

FREDERICK T. MOTT, 1862.

229. *The Divine aid.* C.M.D.

ALMIGHTY Lord, who wast and art,
And evermore shalt be,
Teach us to know how best our souls
May give their powers to thee,
How best we may discern the work
Thou givest us to do,
And steadfast tread the appointed road,
Life's varied journey through.

2 We would not from the world be free,
But only from the sin
That so besets our wayward steps
And taints the soul within.
Nor would we wish one cross removed
Thou givest us to bear,
But only pray for strength to rise
Above each tempting snare.

3 There is no trial life can bring,
No loss the heart can know,

That doth not from thy holy fount
Of love and mercy flow ;
And, Father, still we trust the word
Which drops like balm from heaven.
That ' sins of scarlet dye shall be
Through penitence forgiven.'

4 Give us this blessed hope to feel,
That nothing we have done
Can e'er cut off the Father's love
From e'en his frailest one.
May we hold fast the faith of Christ,
A faith without alloy,
That thou'rt a God who readiest art
To save and not destroy.

I. M. WADE, 1870.

230. *God in the life.* L.M.

O GOD, by whose kind care we live,
To thee our grateful thanks we give,
And humbly pray that we may be
Filled with a truer love to thee.

2 May we remember, day and night,
That we are ever in thy sight,
And so thy various gifts employ
That they may yield us purest joy.

3 May we in all we plan and do,
Keep life's great purpose clear in view,
And wisely strive, with all our powers,
To turn to good its fleeting hours.

4 May every lesson we receive
A lasting blessing with us leave,
And bring us better to fulfil
Through all our days thy holy will.

5 Whate'er our future lot shall be,
May we walk evermore with thee.
And each event of life improve
As children anxious for thy love.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1880.

231. *Duty.* C.M.

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do,—
In zeal and faith to follow him
Whose lot was lowly too.

2 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds, may be
As streams that still the nobler grow,
The nearer to the sea.

3 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

4 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright;
Thus we may turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1857.

232. *The prayer of life.* M.8.7.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be,
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay,
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our strength in hours of weakness
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

233. *Light for work.* C.M.D.

LORD, give me light to do thy work,
For only, Lord, from thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The way of work can see.
The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn,—
I wander oft, and think it thine,
When walking in my own.

2 Yet pleasant is the work for thee,
And pleasant is the way;
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
Am prone to go astray.
O send me light to do thy work—
More light, more wisdom give:
Then shall I work thy work indeed,
While on thine earth I live.

3 So shall success be mine in spite
Of feebleness in me;
Beyond all disappointment then
And failure shall I be.
The work is thine, not mine, O Lord;
It is thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1866.

234. *Help for the faithful.* P.M.

O THE Father's hands are helping
In the work you have to do!
Have you never felt them lifting
When the task was hard for you?
There is help for the faithful—
There is help for you.

2 Though the day be dark with sorrow,
And the way be hard and long,
Yet his love shall light the morrow,
And in his strength you are strong.
There is help for the faithful, etc.

3 What your hands find good in doing,
Do you, then, with all your might;
Though the work be plain and lowly,
It is blessed in his sight.
There is help for the faithful, etc.

4 O be patient in your striving!
'Learn to labour and to wait,'
And the Father's love shall lead you
When the way is steep and straight.
There is help for the faithful, etc.

MRS. LELAND, 1875.

235. M.8.7. | 6.7.

'Bless me also, O my father.'

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free.
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some blessing fall on me—
Even me, even me,—
Let some blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father;
Weak and sinful though I be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—
Even me, even me,—
Let thy mercy light on me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Let me love and cling to thee.

I am longing for thy favour :
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me, even me,—
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me.

4 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Fount that flows so rich and free,—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, —
Let them now abide in me—
Even me, even me,—
Let them now abide in me.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860 (*altered*).

236. *Long-suffering and mercy.* L.M.

FROM day to day, 'gainst thee, O Lord,
We sin in thought, and deed, and word,
Yet thou dost pity and forgive,
And still within thy care we live.

2 Is it for us, so erring, then,
Sternly to judge our fellow-men ;
For us, so pardoned, quick to be
In marking every injury ?

3 Should we not rather suffer long,
And mildly meet each little wrong ;
And soften still the needful blame,
And seek to hide a brother's shame ?

4 Should it not be our blessed part
To win again the altered heart,
And each hard feeling there has dwelt
Beneath the fires of kindness melt ?

5 Thus gentle learners may we be
Of him who learned, O God, of thee,
And on the cross breathed forth a prayer
For those whose hands had nailed him there.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

237. *Acceptable offerings.* M.7.

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind!
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord! what offering shall we bring
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow:
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

JOHN TAYLOR, 1795.

238. *United service.* M.11. | 5.

FATHER, O hear us, seeking now to praise thee!
Thou art our hope, our confidence, our saviour;
Thou art the refuge of the generations,
Lord God Almighty.

2 Maker of all things, loving all thy creatures,
God of all goodness, infinite in mercy,
Changeless, eternal, holiest, and wisest,
Hear thou thy children.

3 We are thy children, asking thee to bless us,
Banded together for a full obedience,
Mutual help and mutual refreshing,
Lord, in thy service.

4 Childhood shall learn to know thee and revere thee;
Manhood shall serve thee, strong in power and knowledge;
Old age shall trust thee, having felt thy mercy,
E'en 'mid the shadows.

DOUGLAS WALMSLEY, 1878.

239. M.8.6.7.6. (irr.)

The best we can.

ROUSE up to work that waits for us,
O spendthrifts of to-day!
We'll make our daily record
A grand one while we may.

There's work to do, there's work to do.
For God and fellow-man;
In earth's great field of labour,
We'll do the best we can.

2 Shake off the sloth that fetters us,
Put on the will that wins;
The battle, for the earnest,
In their own heart begins.
There's work to do, etc.

3 No nobler hero in the fight,
Since battle-fields began,
Than he who serves the right,
And does the best he can.
There's work to do, etc.

4 So work while the day is passing;
And at life's setting sun,
When all our sheaves are gathered
The Lord will say, 'Well done!'
There's work to do, etc.

EBEN E. REXFORD, 1875.

240.

M. 10. (Anap.)

Doing our best.

CHEERFULLY, cheerfully, let us all live,
Slow to be angered, and quick to forgive;
Cheer for the mourning, and smiles for the glad—
Brave hearts for ever, through days bright or sad:

God helps the hand that is doing its best,
Blesses the true heart that stands every test:
Singing and hoping, at work or at rest,
Cheerfully, cheerfully, doing our best!

2 Cheerfully, cheerfully, work while we may,
The field's before us, and long is the day;
We'll sow around us the good seed of truth,
Soon it will spring up in freshness of youth:
Then shall the harvest be golden and bright,
Gathering our sheaves under heaven's own light:
Singing and hoping, etc.

MRS. LELAND, 1875.

241. *'Do the right.'* P.M.

DO the right! never fear,
Firmly stand with heart sincere;
Though the hosts of sin are near,
Bravely do the right.
Though the foe may assail,
You can never, never fail,
But will in the end prevail:
Bravely do the right.
Do the right! never fear,
Right will conquer over might;
Do the right! never fear,
Always do the right.

2 Do the right while you live,
And it may be yours to give
Helping hand to those who strive
Bravely for the right.

Look to him who was true,
Let his love your heart renew,
Follow him in what you do
Bravely for the right.
Do the right! never fear,
Right will conquer over might, etc.

242.† *The true life.* L.M.

HE liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

2 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

3 Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

4 Sow truth, if thou the true would'st reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

5 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1860.

243. *Sowing the seed of the kingdom.* S.M.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,—
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

244. '*Seeing him who is invisible.*' S.M.

TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend:
In all I do, be thou the way;
In all, be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1632 (*altered*).

245. S.M.

'What hadst thou that thou didst not receive?'

WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive;
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for thine, we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1854.

246. *Temperance hymn.* S.M.

MOURN for the thousands slain,—
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
O'er the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—
For reason's life and light,
Lost by the fiery maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong and free:
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And guard their liberty.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to the Lord above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

247. *'Do it with thy might.'* C.M

DO with thy might that which is right,
Whate'er thy lot may be,
Then everything will blessing bring,
And nothing injure thee.

2 Only obey God's will each day,
And he will never fail
Thy help to be, and strengthen thee,
Whatever ills assail.

3 Both joy and woe will make thee grow
More perfect in his love;
And his kind care thy soul prepare
For brighter scenes above.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1880.

248. *Work.* M.7.

WORK is sweet, for God has blest
Honest work with quiet rest—
Rest below, and rest above,
In the mansions of his love,—
When the work of life is done,
When the battle's fought and won.

2 Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
Work ye, Christians, while ye may;
Work for all that's great and good,
Working for your daily food;

Working whilst the golden hours,
Health, and strength, and youth are yours.

3 Working ere the day is gone,
Working till the work is done:
Not the work that pain imparts,
But the work of honest hearts;
Working till your spirits rest
With the spirits of the blest.

249. *Little things.* C.M

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

THOMAS HINCKS

250.† *The sunshine of life.* 7.6. | 6. | 7.6.M.

THE light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.
O hear us! O hear us!
And give us light divine,
With every needed blessing,
That we may all be thine.

2 So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits
As waters fill the sea.
O hear us, etc.

3 The soul can shed a glory
On every work well done,
As even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.
O hear us, etc.

4 Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light.
O hear us, etc.

251. *The work of life.* M.8.7.

LIFE is not a fleeting shadow,
Or a wave upon the beach;
Though our days be swift, yet lasting
Is the stamp we give to each.

2 Life is ours for faithful labour
Of the hand or of the thought;

Every hour and every moment
Is with living meaning fraught.

3 Waking every morn to duty,
Ere its hours shall pass away,
Let some act of love or service,
Mark it as a holy day.

252. *Service.* 8.6.M.

DISMISS me not thy service, Lord !
But train me for thy will ;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil ;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come !
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some :
Thou hast thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases thee ;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity ;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day ;
Sharing his service, every one
Share too his sonship may.
Lord, I would serve, and be a son :
Dismiss me not, I pray.

THOMAS T. LYNCH, 1855.

253. *'Such as I have give I thee.'* C.M.

SILVER and gold we may have none
To those in need to give,
But, if we choose, we may each one
To blessed purpose live.

2 To some we holy truths can speak,
Their footsteps guide aright ;
Strengthen the timid, help the weak,
And make dark places bright.

3 The drooping spirit we can cheer,
And heavenly hopes impart,
Can gently dry the bitter tear,
And heal the wounded heart.

4 In ways like these, we all may prove
That we with Christ have been,
And by our deeds of faith and love
To him grow more akin.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1880.

254. *Thanks for all saints.* S.M.

FOR all thy saints, O Lord !
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O Lord !
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With thee, Lord, in their view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

BISHOP R. MANT, 1848.

255. '*Behold, the fields are white.*' C.M.

O STILL in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
'More reapers for white harvest fields,
More labourers for the Lord!'

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O thou, whose call our hearts has stirred!
To do thy will we come:
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

WE are marching onward,
In our calling high;
This shall be our watchword,
'Labour till we die!'
For the night is coming,
Soon will set the sun;
When the Master calleth,
Let our work be done.
Onward, onward,
Singing as we go;
Soon we'll triumph
Over every foe.
Yes, we are marching onward
In our calling high;
This shall be our watchword,
'Labour till we die.'

2 Ye who in his vineyard
Idly stand and wait,
Come and join the workers,
Ere it be too late;
For he needs your service,—
Hear his loving voice,
'Come and join my army,
Make my cause your choice!'
Onward, onward, etc.

3 O when he shall sift you
At his judgment-seat,
What shall be the welcome
That your ears shall greet?

If you are but faithful,
Happy you will be:
Then you'll hear the summons,
'Hither come to me!'
Onward, onward, etc.

257. *Dare to do right.* P.M.

DARE to do right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.
Dare, dare, dare to do right!
Dare, dare, dare to be true!

2 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honour, your faith,
Stand like a hero and battle till death.
Dare, dare, etc.

3 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too;
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.
Dare, dare, etc.

G. S. TAYLOR.

258. *The Christian conflict.* P.M.

O CHRISTIAN, awake; for the strife is at hand,
With the 'sword of the spirit' prepare thou to stand;

In the 'breastplate of faith' go, fearlessly go ;
And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe !
Stand like the brave, etc.

2 'Tis God who commands thee, away to the field ;
Though hosts should assail thee, yet scorn thou to yield ;
With the 'helmet salvation' set firm on thy brow,
Go, stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe !
Stand like the brave, etc.

3 Whatever the danger, take heed and beware,
But turn not thy back, nor in terror despair ;
The armed hosts of evil would'st thou overthrow ?
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe !
Stand like the brave, etc.

4 The cause of thy Master with vigour defend,
Be watchful, be zealous and fight to the end ;
Wherever he leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe !
Stand like the brave, etc.

259. *The onward march.* M.6.5.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See his banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God—
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
May we not divided,
But united be ;
One in faith and duty,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

3 Onward, then ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song.
Glory, praise, and honour,
Unto God our King :
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

S. BARING-GOULD, 1868 (*altered*).

260. *The Christian warfare.* M.8.7.

CHRISTIAN warrior ! faint not, fear not !
Though thy foes press thickly round :
Scorn to yield, as those who hear not
The glad gospel's trumpet sound !

2 Christian warrior ! ne'er unarm thee,
When, in flattering pleasure's guise,
The subtle foe would fear to alarm thee ;
Christian sentinel, be wise !

3 Wearied warrior ! still assure thee,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be ;'
When thou'st borne the battle's fury,
Turn not at its close and flee !

4 Lo ! the clouds of war are clearing ;
Foes are waxing faint and few ;
Through their scattered ranks appearing,
Zion's towers expand to view !

5 Christian warrior ! grace protect thee ;
Watch and pray and onward hie ;
Zion's herald hosts expect thee,
Angel bards of victory !

THOMAS A. ASHWORTH, 1831.

261. *For a family.* M.8.7.

PEACE be to this habitation !
Peace to every soul herein !
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin ;
Peace that speaks its heavenly giver ;
Peace to earthly minds unknown ;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne !

2 God of peace ! if thou art near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home !
With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
Hither let thy kingdom come !

Lift to heaven our expectation ;
Give our raptured souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
Holy, everlasting love !

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

262. *Love at home.* M.7.5. | 7. | 5.

THERE is beauty all around,
When there's love at home.
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty there abide,
Smiling fair on every side ;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

2 In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom at our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home.
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
O there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

J. H. M'NAUGHTON

VI.

THIS LIFE AND THE LIFE TO COME.

263. *'Neither can they die any more.'* P.M.

KIND words can never die;
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
And in all years and climes
Distant and near.
Kind words can never die,
No, never die.

2 Sweet thoughts can never die;
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours;
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue
They bloom again.
Sweet thoughts can never die,
No, never die.

3 Childhood can never die;
Wrecks of the past
Float o'er the memory,
Bright to the last;

Many a happy thing,
Many a daisy spring,
Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.
Childhood can never die,
No, never die.

4 Our souls can never die;
Though in the tomb
Our mortal bodies lie,
Wrapt in its gloom.
E'en though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day
With God above.
Our souls can never die,
No, never die.

ABBY HUTCHINSON.

264. *Little things.* M.6.5.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors,
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

EBENEZER C. BREWER, 1848 (*altered*).

265. *Unseen guides.* M.6.5.

HAND in hand with angels,
Through the world we go ;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own ;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

2 Hand in hand with angels :
Some are out of sight,
Leading us unknowing
Into paths of light.
Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,
Heavenly beings guide us
On our earthly way.

LUCY LARCOM.

266. 11.10.M.—M.9.11.

The Father's voice.

HARK, hark, my soul ! thy Father's voice is calling,—
E'en now it breathes o'er life's dark troubled sea ;

That gracious voice like heavenly dew is falling;
Hark, hark, my soul! the Father calls for thee.
Father of mercy, Father of love!
Thee would we follow to our dear home above.

2 Hark, hark, my soul! from heaven that voice is pleading
With thee, ere evil days draw darkly near;
Now, in thy dawn, the Father's hand is leading
From sin and shame, from sorrow, doubt, and fear.
Father of mercy, etc.

3 Hark, hark, my soul! still, still, that voice is sounding
Like music sweet from some far distant shore,
While angel bands, our daily path surrounding,
Lead God's dear children on for evermore.
Father of mercy, etc.

J. PAGE HOPPS, 1876.

267. *The beacon light.* M.8.7.

WE are sailing o'er an ocean,
To a far and foreign shore;
And the waves are dashing round us,
And we hear the breakers roar;
But we look above the billows,
In the darkness of the night,
And we see the steady gleaming
Of our changeless beacon light.

O the light is flashing brightly
From a calm and stormless shore,
Where we hope to cast our anchor,
When our voyaging is o'er.

2 Though the skies are dark above us,
And the waves are dashing high,
Let us look toward the beacon—
We shall reach it by-and-bye.
'Tis the light of God's great mercy,
And he holds it up in view,
As a guide-star to his children,
As a help to me and you.
O the light, etc.

3 He will keep it ever burning
From the lighthouse of his love;
And it always shines the brightest,
When the skies are dark above;
If we keep our eyes upon it,
And we steer our course aright,
We shall reach the harbour safely
By the blessed beacon light.
O the light, etc.

268. *The blessing of God.* M.8.7. | 4.7.

LORD, without thy constant blessing,
Sadly would thy children fare;
Lasting joy could ne'er attend us,
Strangers to our Father's care:
For thy mercy,
Hear, O Lord, our daily prayer.

2 'Tis the glory of thy spirit
Floods the earth with glowing light,
Fills the rippling sea with beauty,
Decks the firmament of night:
May thy presence
Ever make our pathway bright!

3 But the world, with all its wonders,
Tells not of thy love alone:
Conscience is thy living witness,
And the heart of man thy throne!
And for ever
May our souls be all thine own!

4 Like the Christ, thy best-belovèd,
May our lives from sin be free,—
Loving, serving, watching, waiting,
May we follow him to thee;
And thy kingdom,
Lord, in heaven may we see.

AMBROSE N. BLATCHFORD, 1875.

269. 8.8.6.M.

'Casting all your care upon him.'

O LORD! how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,

Sure that our Father, who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will his own children hear.

3 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers:
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And, on his mercy leaning still,
Find the eternal peace.

JOSEPH ANSTICE, 1836 (*altered*).

270. '*Not my will, but thine.*' 8.M.

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,—
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
'Father! thy will, not mine, be done.'

2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee.
'As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.'

3 O ne'er will I at life repine,—
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
'As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.'

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841.

271. *'Thy will be done.'* 8. | 4. M.

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy will be done.'

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
'Thy will be done.'

4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine,
I only yield thee what was thine:
'Thy will be done.'

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
'Thy will be done.'

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done.'

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
'Thy will be done.'

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

272. *Nearer to thee.* M.6.4. | 6. | 4.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given me;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly:
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841.

273. M.8.7. | 8. | 7.

The pilgrimage of life.

Girls. WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
Boys. We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command.
All. Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
We are going to his palace,
Going to the better land.

Girls. Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land.
Boys. Spotless robes, and crowns of glory,
From a Father's loving hand.
All. We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright and better land.

Girls. Fear ye not the way so lonely,
Ye, a little feeble band?
Boys. No, for friends unseen are near us,
Angels bright around us stand:
All. Christ our Leader walks beside us,
He will guard and he will guide us,
Going to the better land.

Girls. Pilgrims, may we travel with you,
To that bright and better land?
Boys. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
All. Come, O come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright and better land.

274. *The river of life.* P.M.

O HAVE you not heard of a beautiful stream,
That flows thro' our Father's land?
Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.
O seek that beautiful stream,
O seek that beautiful stream,
Its waters so free are flowing for thee,
O seek that beautiful stream.

2 With murmuring sound doth it wander along,
Through fields of eternal green,
Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest,
Float soft on the air serene.
O seek that beautiful stream, etc.

3 This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its waters is found,
O sinner, it flows for thee.
O seek that beautiful stream, etc.

4 O will you not drink of that beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?

The Spirit says, 'Come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more.'
O seek that beautiful stream, etc.

R. TORREY, JUN.

275. *The pilgrims' song.* M.7.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren; lo! we stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus, from its summit won,
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

JOHN CENNICK, 1743.

276.* *God's little ones.* M.7. | 5.

LITTLE ones of God are we,
Yet we will his praise repeat:
We will pray, on bended knee,
Him to guide our feet.

Lead us, lead us, lest we stray,
Lead us, lead us by thy hand;
Lead us in the blessed way
To the Better Land.

2 Little lambs of God are we,
He, the Shepherd, leads his sheep,
And the lambs most tenderly
He from harm will keep.
Keep us, keep us, lest we stray,
Keep us, keep us by thy hand;
Keep us in the blessed way
To the Better Land.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, 1881

277. *God our guide.* M.7.

WHEN our hearts are glad and light,
When the path is fair and bright,
When from care and sorrow free,
Help us, Lord, to cling to thee;
Be our comforter and friend,—
Guide and keep us to the end.

2 When the way is dark and drear,
When no loving friend is near;
When we suffer pain or loss,
When we bow beneath the cross,
Be our comforter and friend,—
Guide and keep us to the end.

3 When we strive to do the right,
When we follow, serve, or fight,
When we seek to do thy will,
When we hear thee say, 'Stand still,'

Be our comforter and friend,—
Guide and keep us to the end.

4 When we near our endless home,
When the closing hour shall come,
When we cross death's chilling tide,
Lead us to the other side ;
Be our comforter and friend,—
Guide and keep us to the end.

EDWARD BAILEY, 1879.

278. *'All is well.'* 8.3. | 8. | 3.M.

I HEAR a sweet voice ringing clear,
All is well !
It is my Father's voice I hear,
All is well !
Where'er I walk that voice is heard ;
It is my God, my Father's word :
Fear not, but trust : I am the Lord,
All is well !

2 In happy days I love to sing,
All is well !
'Midst sounding songs I spread the wing,
All is well !
I burst from out my prison bars,
Nor fear nor hate my transport mars ;
I soar and sing beyond the stars
All is well !

3 But then, when darker days come on,
All is well !
I sigh that I am far from home,
All is well !

Then, like a dove far from her nest,
I mourn to be for ever blest :
I know there is a land of rest,
All is well !

4 Clouds cannot long obscure my sight,
All is well !
I know there is a land of light,
All is well !
From strength to strength, from day to day,
I tread along the world's highway ;
Or often stop to sing or say,
All is well !

5 In morning hours serene and bright,
All is well !
In evening hours, or darkening night,
All is well !
And when at last my hour shall come,
And I on earth shall cease to roam,
O let me sing as I go home,
All is well !

E. PAXTON HOOD, 1853 (*altered*).

279. *Goodness never dies.* C.M.

SWEET Day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to- night,
For thou, alas ! must die.

2 Sweet Rose ! in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas ! must die.

3 Sweet Spring ! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas ! must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly :
While flowers decay and seasons roll,
It lives, and cannot die.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1632 (*altered*).

280. *The path of life.* M. 7.

LORD, thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness :
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are stony ways to tread,—
Give the strength we sorely lack :
There are tangled paths to thread,—
Light us, lest we miss the track ;
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades :
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest:
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1872.

281. *The help of God.* S.M.

LORD, help us as we hear,
To treasure up thy word,
And not to-morrow to appear
As if it were unheard.

2 Lord, help us as we sing,
To mean the words we use,
And not to mock the heavenly King,
And all his love abuse.

3 Lord, help us, as we pray,
To come with hearts sincere,
And as we run in wisdom's way,
To seek thy blessing here.

4 Lord, help us while we live
Thy servants to abide;
Our food and raiment kindly give,
And all we need provide.

5 Lord, help us when we die,
To reach yon heavenly shore,
And, with thy holy ones on high,
To praise thee evermore.

ANN TAYLOR, 1810

282. *Gratitude and resignation.* C.M.

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2 Are health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God!
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.

3 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease,
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

4 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

5 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee!

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

283. *A psalm of life.* M.8.7.

LIFE is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

2 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

3 Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

4 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

5 Footprints that, perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

284. *The journey home.* **M.7.**

LEAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine,
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Father's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

3 Lead us thither! thou dost know
All the way; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to thee:
Guide us, save us, and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

285. 11. M. (Anap.)

'Out of darkness into light.'

O LEAD me, my Father; lead thou, lest I stray;
O lead thou me onward where thou wilt each day!
All passion be silent, all self-will be still;
And meekly my spirit ask only thy will.

2 'Mid life's sweetest pleasures, Lord, keep me thine own,
Lest I should forget thee, or duty disown:
When sorrow o'erwhelms me, and gone is the light,
Then shine on me, Father; make thou my way bright.

3 When thought is a burden, when work is a care,
O then let me cherish the sweetness of prayer:
When shadows are falling, when earth's day is past,
O lead me, my Father, to sunshine at last.

J. PAGE HOPPS, 1876.

286. *God our guide.* 10. | 6. M.

GOD leads us on by paths we did not know;
Upward he leads us, though our steps are slow,
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day;
But when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on.

2 He leads us on through all the trying years,
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts and fears;
He guides our steps through all the tangled maze,
In paths of peace, and wisdom's pleasant ways.
And when the clouds are gone, etc.

3 And he at length when past the weary strife,
Will lead us home to everlasting life:
No parting then!—for there on that bright shore
We'll meet dear friends, and sing for evermore.
For when the clouds are gone, etc.

287. *'He leadeth me.'* L.M.D.

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

J. H. GILMORE.

288. *The harvest of the soul.* C.M.

DAY after day, life fleets away,
And to its end draws nigh;
Soon will be given the call from heaven
Which summons us on high.

2 All we have done beneath the sun,
Unveiled will then appear,
And we shall know or joy or woe,
As we have acted here.

3 If we let sin the victory win,
Then sad our doom must be,
But each good deed to bliss will lead
Throughout eternity.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1880.

289. *'Now is the accepted time.'* S.M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care—
O be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

290. *Improvement of time.* S.M.

LET not a moment pass
Unheeded, unimproved;

Still let the Christian labour on,
With heavenly ardour moved.

2 Soon shall this fleeting life
And all its joys be o'er;
This world, with all its charms, shall fail,
And time shall be no more.

3 Then let each passing hour
Raise all our thoughts above;
Each moment some memorial bear
Of duty and of love.

291. *The dying Christian.* C.M.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low,—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And, lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears;
So faith lights up the mourner's heart
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, 1823.

292. *The death of the righteous.* L.M.

SWEET is the scene when Virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

4 Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies.'

ANNA LAETITIA BARBAULD, 1823.

293. *'They rest from their labours.'* M.8.7.

HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;

Go, by angel guards attended,
To the home of spirits, go!

2 Conquer once; then go for ever
Where the weary are at peace;
Nothing there from God can sever;
Troubles of the wicked cease.

3 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, for an endless gain.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

294. *'He has fought the good fight.'* S.M.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 At midnight came the cry,
'To meet thy God prepare!'
He woke, and caught his captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

3 His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

4 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Master's joy.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

295. *Death, and the future life.* S.M.

LET children never fear
To leave this world of ours;
To close their eyes to beauty here,
And summer's fading flowers.

2 Beyond the hills that stand
In majesty alone,
There is a brighter, purer land,
And there our Father's throne.

3 And thither soars the soul
When life's brief day is done;
There is the destined happy goal
For each immortal one.

4 Then, shall we turn away
When God would call us home?
No! let us rather gladly say,
'Lord, at thy call, we come.'

296. *The angels' welcome.* C.M.D.

'THE children come!' the angels cry;
'They leave a world of sin;
At heaven's gate our armies wait,
To let the travellers in.

They dwelt in darkness, but there came
A glorious, golden light;
It shone on high, it filled the sky,
It chased away their night.

2 'They come, they come! redeemed and free,
From every land they come;
By night, by day, a bright array,
They're welcomed one by one.
From sultry climes and frozen shores,
Green fields or barren sands,
With eager feet we haste to greet
Their souls from distant lands.'

3 And still they sing, those angels bright,
While here we toil and pray;
But we ere long may join their song,
When we have passed away.
O Spirits fair! receive us then,
With songs and harpings sweet;
Let heaven ring while angels sing,
Our happy souls to greet.

J. PAGE HOPPS, 1856.

297. *Rest in God.* C.M.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

FELICIA HEMANS, 1822.

298. *Death of a schoolfellow.* C.M.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
A scholar from our side;
Just in the morning of her [his] day,
As young as we, she [he] died.

2 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last.

3 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first; but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

4 May each attend with willing feet
The means of knowledge here,
And wait around thy mercy-seat,
With hope as well as fear.

5 Lord, to thy wisdom and thy care
May we resign our days,
Content to live and serve thee here,
Or die, and sing thy praise.

ANN TAYLOR, 1814.

299. *Death of a scholar.* M.8.7.

ONE bright flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet infant voice has fled,
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear schoolmate now is dead.

2 We would feel no pang of sadness,
For our friend is happy now :
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
Where the blessed angels bow.

3 She has gone to heaven before us,
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit-land.

4 Lord, may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free ;
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like her, we go to thee.

R. C. WATERSTON.

300. *Gone.* C.M.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path which reaches heaven.

2 Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled :
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

3 Fold her, O Father ! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

4 Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1850.

301. *Uncertainty of life.* S.M.

OUR life is like the grass,
Our youth is like a flower;
The wind doth quickly o'er them pass,—
They perish in an hour.

2 The flower which seemed so gay,
Spreading its sweets around,
How soon its beauties fade away,
And wither on the ground!

3 Just so our life and youth
Will fade, and droop, and die;
O may this thought of solemn truth
Prepare us for the sky:

4 That, when the flower shall cease
On earth to yield perfume,
God may transplant it to that place
Where it will always bloom!

302. *The well-spent life.* 8.6.8.8.8.6.M.

THE morning hours of cheerful light
Of all the day are best;
But, as they speed their hasty flight,
If every hour is spent aright,

We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.

2 And life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past;
Youth is the morning bright and gay,
And, if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

WILLIAM ROSCOE, 1818.

303. *The true light.* 10.4. | 10.M.

LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,—
Lead thou me on;
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

3 So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

304. *The gathering of the shadows.* 10.M.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O thou who changest not, abide with me !

3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

4 Come then in light before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies !
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee :
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1847.

305. *Life transitory, God eternal.* C.M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fall forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

306. *'Ever with the Lord.'* S.M.

FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835

307. *Shall we meet.* M.8.7.

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll --
Where, in all the bright for ever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in yonder haven,
When our pilgrimage is o'er
Where no tempests, wildly raving,
Break upon its peaceful shore?
Shall we, etc.

3 Shall we meet with absent loved ones,
Who were torn from our embrace—

Once more fold them to our bosoms,
And behold them face to face?
Shall we, etc.

4 Shall we meet in Zion's city,
Where the light of God will shine,—
Where no cloud will veil the beauty—
Hide the face—of love divine?
Shall we, etc.

308. C.M.

The one family in heaven and earth.

THE saints on earth and those above,
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 O Lord! be thou our constant guide;
Then, when thy word is given,
Shall death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1759.

309. *The prospect of heaven.* C.M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
'Twas thus to Israel Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

310. *Paradise.* 8.6. | 6.M.

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who would not wish for thee?
Who would not seek that happy land
Where all from sin are free?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
And thrill with rapture through
In God's most holy sight!

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
How sweet must be the song
That angels sing around the throne;
How bright that heavenly throng,—
Where loyal, etc.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
O when shall we behold
That realm where light for ever reigns,
And love is never cold?
Where loyal, etc.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis sweet while waiting here,
To think that those we loved on earth
Will meet together there,
Where loyal, etc.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I would so faithful be,
That, when my race on earth has run,
That race may end in thee;
Where loyal, etc.

Adapted from F. W. FABER, 1849.

311. *Realms of the blest.* M.8. (Anap.)

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From trials, without and within,
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the firstborn above,
But what must it be to be there!

4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

ELIZABETH MILLS, 1829.

312. *The heavenly Jerusalem.* C.M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

3 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

313. 11.10.M. | M.9.11.

The strains of heaven.

HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of glory, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;'
And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of glory, etc.

3 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:

All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.
Angels of glory, etc.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854.

314. *Two worlds.* 8. | 6.M.

THIS earth indeed is good and fair;
Its sunny skies, its balmy air,
Its sparkling streams, its leafy bowers,
Its pleasant sounds, its fruits, its flowers,
Speak of a God above.

2 But if this earth, which soon must fade,
Be thus so bright and lovely made,
What glory shall our eyes behold,
When heaven's eternal gates unfold,
And show us all his love!

3 If in this world, where death is found,
So many joys our path surround,
What blessings shall our God bestow
In that to which our souls shall go,
When death shall be no more!

4 If on a world by sin defiled
Its Maker hath so kindly smiled,
How gracious must his presence be,
In that from sin and sorrow free,
Beyond the grave in store!

315. '*The happy land.*' M.6.4. | 6.7.6.4.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away;

Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
'Worthy is our glorious King!'
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away!
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O then, the race well run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We live for aye!

ANDREW YOUNG, 1838.

316. *Jerusalem the golden.* M.7.6.

JERUSALEM the golden!
Thou city of the blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with hosts of angels
And all the martyr throng!
The Prince of Peace dwells in them,
The light of love reigns there,
And God's all glorious presence
Remains for ever near.

3 O God, our Father, bring us
To that dear home of peace,
Where, life's rough warfare ended,
Its wanderings too shall cease;
The prize of our high calling
In Christ, our Lord, be won,
And his blest welcome greet us,
'Beloved of God, well done!'

Adapted from BERNARD OF CLUGNY, *12th century* (J. M. NEALE'S *translation*).

317. *The earthly and heavenly homes.* C.M.

I HAVE a dear and happy home,
And much my home I love,
But yet I know there is for me
A better home above.

2 There sin and sorrow cannot come,
Or thought of pain and care;
God wipes the tears from every face,
And all are happy there.

3 No angry passions there are felt,
Nor quarrels ever come;

For every heart is full of love,
Within that happy home.

4 Lord, when my work on earth is done,
A place for me prepare;
And take me to that happy home,
To dwell for ever there.

318. *The hope of heaven.* S.M.

OUR Father! thou hast given
A hope of rest on high;
Hast made the grave the path to heaven,
To immortality.

2 Children of thee, we own
A new and heavenly birth;
Kindred to spirits round thy throne,
Though dwelling now on earth.

3 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share;
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And trace thine image there!

4 Teach us to walk aright
On earth, as serving thee;
Then take us to thy realms of light,
Thine to eternity!

319. *'There the weary are at rest.'* C.M.

REST for the weary! what a charm
There lives within that word:
Safety and peace without alarm,
And quiet in the Lord.

2 Rest for the weary! after years
Of earthly toil and strife,
To sheathe our weapons, dry our tears,
And enter into life.

3 Rest for the weary! Never more
Temptation's power to dread:
Our journey past, our conflict o'er,
Our sinful passions dead.

4 Rest for the weary! Even here
To some that boon is given:
Those who can feel God ever near
Have entered into heaven.

SARAH DENDY, 1880.

320. *A rest remaineth.* C.M.

LORD! we believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns;—
For thou art served alone:—

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that we now that rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Thou holiest! now the power bestow,
And let us cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from our heart,
This unbelief remove;
The rest of perfect faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

321. *The better land.* P.M.

'I HEAR thee speak of a better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore?
May we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?'
'Not there, not there, my child!'

2 'Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?'
'Not there, not there, my child!'

3 'Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold;
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, dear mother! that better land?'
'Not there, not there, my child!

4 'Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom:
Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!'

FELICIA HEMANS, 1827.

VII.

TIMES AND SEASONS IN NATURE.

322. *Morning.* L.M.

ANOTHER smiling day I see,
Another day, my God! for thee;
To thee may I devote my powers,
And all these bright and happy hours.

2 Another smiling day I see;
Then let me bend in prayer to thee,
And thank thee for my tranquil rest,—
The sleep thy guardian care has blessed.

3 Another smiling day I see,
And various duty points to thee;
Let each devoted action prove
Thy child's unbounded faith and love.

4 When evening's tranquil shades descend,
With thee this smiling day shall end;
And still the darker shades of night
Thy presence, Lord! shall gild with light.

MARY ANNE JEVONS, 1837.

323. *Morning.* M.7.

NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come:
Lord! may we be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light;
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

SAMSON OCCUM, 1770.

324. *Morning.* 4.4.6.4.4.6. *or* C.M.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide:
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
My Father, near thy side.

3 O make thy rest
Within my breast,

Great giver of all grace ;
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

THOMAS O. SUMMERS, 1846.

325. *Morning hymn.* L.M.

AWAKE, my soul ! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake !

3 Lord ! I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN, 1709.

326. *Morning hymn.* C.M.

WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky ?

2 'Tis thine, my God!—the same that kept
My resting hours from harm:
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

3 'Tis thine, my daily bread that brings
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

4 May that dear hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thy holy hill,
And to thy dwelling place.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

327. *The divine protection.* C.M.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night,
Preserved, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thy arm:
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou dost keep from harm.

3 Let all our words, and all our ways,
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee!
Dear Father, hold us fast,
Till, with immortal eyes we see
Thy glorious face at last.

THOMAS KELLY, 1815.

328. *A morning song of gladness.* M.7.

AS a bird in meadows fair
Or in lonely forest sings,
Till it fills the summer air
And the greenwood sweetly rings,
So my heart to thee would raise,
O my God, its song of praise,
That the gloom of night is o'er,
And I see the sun once more.

2 If thou, Sun of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirred,
And to greet thee upward flies,
Gladsome as yon little bird.
Shine thou in me clear and bright
Till I learn to praise thee right;
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

3 Bless to-day whate'er I do,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
From the paths of virtue true
Let me never, never rove.
By thy Spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to thee,
Then, an heir of life on high,
Fearless I may live and die.

Anon., about 1580. ('*Lyra Germanica*').

329. *Morning.* L.M.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

2 New every morning is the love,
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought
Restored to life and power and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven;
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

330. *Morning hymn.* M.6.5.

FATHER, dearest Father!
Now the sun has come,
Bringing light and glory,
From thy heavenly home,

We, thy little children,
To thy throne above
We would hymn thy praises,
We would sing thy love.

2 Thou art wise and loving,
Thou art great and strong;
Glad when we do rightly,
Grieved when we do wrong.
Hear us, holy Father,
As to thee we pray,
Asking thee to keep us
Safe from harm to-day.

3 As our Saviour Jesus
When a little child,
Gentle was, and holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild,
He shall be our copy,
We will try to be
Patient and obedient,
Loving, kind as he.

4 Father God, our Father!
Guide us every hour,
Keep us safe and shield us
From temptation's power.
So, when night returneth,
Holier may we be,
Kept from sin and sorrow,
All the nearer thee.

MARK EVANS, 1871.

331. *A spring morning.* C.M.

WHEN warmer suns and bluer skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What happy sounds of life arise,
What lovely scenes appear!

2 Earth with her thousand voices sings
Her song of gladsome praise;
And every blade of grass that springs
God's loving law obeys.

3 The early flowers bloom bright and fair,
Fair shines the morning sky;
The birds make music in the air,
The brook goes singing by.

4 Like this spring morning sweet and clear,
That greets our gladdened eyes,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall bring new earth and skies.

332. *Summer morning.* M.7.

GOD of mercy and of love,
Listen from the heavens above,
While to thee my voice I raise,
In a morning hymn of praise.
It was thine almighty arm
Kept me all night long from harm;
It is only, Lord, by thee
That another day I see.

2 Lo! the happy light of day
Drives the shadows all away,
Lo! it brings again to sight
All things beautiful and bright;
White clouds sailing in the air,
Little flowers so fresh and fair,
Greenest fields, and rippling streams,
Glitter in the morning beams.

3 Father! keep me all day long
From all hurtful things and wrong;
Make me an obedient child,
Make me loving, gentle, mild.
Hark! the birds are singing gay;
Let me sing, as well as they,
Praise to him who is above,
For his mercies and his love.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW.

333. 7.6. | 8.M.

'Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.'

THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to thee;
I pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Father, keep me in thy sight
And guard me through the coming night!

2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to thee;

And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over!
I raise the hymn to thee:
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be;
O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Be thou my soul's preserver,
For thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O loving Father, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

ANATOLIUS (D. 458). (*tr.* J. M. NEALE).

334. *Vesper hymn.* M.8.7.

NOW, on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound:
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,—
Their Creator's changeless love.

2 Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To his care who cares for all,

Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and faith and love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

335. *'The evening sacrifice.'* M.8.7. | 7.

FATHER, now the day is ending
And the shades of evening fall,
Let thy spirit, now descending,
Bring thy mercy to us all;
Set thy seal on every heart,
Father, bless us ere we part!

2 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of thine:
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by thy grace divine;
Set thy seal on every heart;
Father, bless us ere we part!

3 Pardon thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure and lowly,
By the great example taught;
Set thy seal on every heart,
Father, bless us ere we part!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

336. *Evening.* L.M.

'TIS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

2 Sun of my soul, for ever near
It is not night, if thou be here:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

3 When round thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

337. *Evening.* 4.4.6.4.4.6 *or* C.M.

THE daylight fades,
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head;

Father above,
I praise the love
Which smoothes and guards my bed.

2 While thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour;
My Father, still
From every ill
Defend me with thy power.

3 Pardon my sin,
And enter in,
And sanctify my heart;
Spirit divine,
O make me thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

THOMAS O. SUMMERS, 1849.

338. *The close of day.* M. 6. 4. | 6. | 4.

SOFTLY the silent night
Falleth from God
On weary wanderers
Over life's road:
And as the stars on high,
Light up the darkening sky,
Lord, unto thee we cry,—
Father above!

2 Slowly on failing wing
Daylight has passed;

Sleep, like an angel kind,
Folds us at last.
Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumber light,
Watched by thy angels bright,
Father above !

3 And when the gleam of morn
Touches our eyes,
And the returning day
Bids us arise,—
Happy beneath thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve thee still,
Father above !

AMBROSE N. BLATCHFORD, **1875.**

339. *Evening.* **M.6.5.**

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose !
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee:
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

6 When the morning wakens
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

S. BARING-GOULD, 1868.

340. *'Good-night!'* C.M.

GOOD night! good night! the day is done;
Ended its beauty bright;
Its duties over, pleasures gone;
God bless us all, good night!

2 With memories of God's tender care
Abounding through the day;
For mercies always, everywhere;
Our evening thanks we pay.

3 Good hope be with us, faith and love;
With day let troubles cease;
The wakeful heart find rest above;
Or sleeping, sleep in peace.

4 God shelter us and our dear home,
Till the bright morning light
With health and cheerful freshness come;
Good night! good night! good night!

HENRY BATEMAN.

341. *The Evening hymn.* L.M.

ALL praise to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 The moments that to waste have run,
The ills that I this day have done,
Forgive, that with the world and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the endless day.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, ye heavenly hosts above!
Praise him, my soul! for all his love.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN, 1709.

342. *Evening hymn.* S.M.

ONCE more the shadows fall,
And wrap the world in peace.
Lord, may thy weary ones repose,
And care and sorrow cease.

2 Look down upon our need,
Forgive what wrong we've done;
And better may we do thy will
Beneath to-morrow's sun.

3 And when our last day's work
Of earthly life is o'er,
Grant us in joy to meet again,
Upon the distant shore.

AMBROSE N. BLATCHFORD, 1880.

343. *A Summer evening.* C.M.

NOW evening shades around us close,
To God our voice we'll raise;
And bless him, ere we seek repose,
In one glad song of praise.

2 We thank thee for the glorious sun,
Whose fast declining ray
Hath filled the earth with grateful heat
And cheered us through the day.

3 We thank thee for the cooling breeze,
The softly falling showers,
The shady boughs of waving trees,
And sweetly scented flowers.

4 For all the sweets that life doth give,
For all its sorrows too,
Which clothe the gilded joys of earth
As flowers dressed in dew.

5 O teach us through this world to tread,
That all thy boundless love
And all thy blessings here may lead
To higher joys above!

I. M. WADE, 1855.

344. *Evening hymn.* 7.6.M.

THE hours of day are over;
The evening calls us home:
Once more to thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come:
For all thy countless blessings
We praise thy holy name,
And own thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

2 For life, and health, and shelter
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play;
For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To him our thanks we render
Who these and all things sends.

3 Thanks, too, for shame and sorrow
Whene'er we choose the wrong,

For bright and happy spirits
'Mid duty brave and strong;
For him who blessed the children,
And loved both them and thee,
And told us of the heaven, where
We never thought to be.

4 Lord! gather all thy children
To meet thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;
With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come!

JOHN ELLERTON (*except verse* 3), 1859.

345. *Evening praise.* M.8.7.

HOLIEST! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watchest where thy children be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

346. *Evening hymn.* P.M.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May thine angel-guard defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us!
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1827.

347. *A Springtide prayer.* C.M.

LORD of the seasons, hear my prayer!
Thou madest their course like mine,
And callest forth all things that are,
When thy sweet sun doth shine.

2 As many flowers die in the spring,
So many thoughts in youth;
Yet out of these thou still dost bring
The ripened grain of truth.

3 Shine in my heart; Eternal sun!
Call forth the hidden seed,
Till that which I but think upon
Be wrought in very deed—

4 That thus the ground which thou hast given
May be no untilled field,
But ripened thought and deed to heaven
At harvest-time may yield.

JOHN DENDY, 1868.

348. *The lesson of the Seasons.* 13. | 14.M.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars their Maker's name in silent pomp display.

3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator, honour thee.

4 The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer fade ;
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the shade ;
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon forget their old decree ;
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to thee !

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1816.

349.* *Springtide sowing.* M.6.5.

WE are little sowers,
'Tis the time of Spring,
Now within our basket
Seeds of hope we bring ;
Now our hands are casting
Broad and far and wide,
Seeds that shall awaken
Soon on every side.
O the waving harvest
That at last shall stand
Where the little sowers
Move across the land !

2 Seeds of good and evil
Day by day we sow,
Habits fair and useful
That shall richly grow ;
Habits that are hurtful,
Darksome poison seeds
That shall spring to harvest,
But of useless weeds.

We are little sowers,
Spring will soon be past;
O that seeds eternal
Little hands may cast!

3 Go we forth in patience,
Watchfulness and care;
Go we forth in kindness,
Earnestness and prayer;
And the seeds we scatter,
Fed by heaven's rain,
Shall be fair and fruitful
O'er the shining plain.
To his little sowers,
Working one by one,
At the day of harvest
Christ shall say 'Well done.'

MARGARET HAYCRAFT, 1889.

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350. *Summer.* M.6.5.

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving kindness
Make us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt thee,
Though thou veil thy light:
Life is dark without thee,
Death with thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1872.

351. *Summer days.* 8.7.M.

THE days are gliding swiftly by,
The days so bright and golden,
In leaf and flower the summer writes
Her poem sweet and olden.
The golden days, the long bright days,
The gladdest of the year!
The green grass springs, the wild bird sings:
The summer time is here.

2 The earth is warm with life and joy,
The air is full of splendour,
And unto all the south wind brings
Her message sweet and tender.
The golden days, etc.

3 O Giver of these summer hours!
All nature gives thee praises,
From mountain peak to where the flower
Its lowly bloom upraises.
The golden days, etc.

4 And at thy feet we, too, would sing,
With all thy creatures living,
A song of mirth, a song of joy,
A song of glad thanksgiving.
The golden days, etc.

MRS. E. H. LELAND, 1875.

352. *Autumn.* 7.6.M.

THE year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding;
The end is nearing fast.
The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go:
But thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

2 O pour thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with thee.

Behold the bending orchards
With beauteous fruit are crowned:
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

3 O by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,
Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we thy name may hallow,
And see at last thy face.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1872.

353. *Seed-time and harvest.* C.M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence was thine—
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gavest refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;

A yellow harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Fountain of love, our praise is thine;
To thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

ALICE FLOWERDEW, 1811.

354.* *The harvest of the humble.* 7.6.M.

HE saw the wheat-fields waiting
All golden in the sun;
And strong and stalwart reapers
Went by him one by one.
'O, could I reap in harvest!'
His heart made bitter cry:
'I can do nothing, nothing!
So weak, alas! am I.'
Thou may'st not join the reapers
Upon the harvest-plain,
But he who helps a brother
Binds sheaves of richest grain.

2 At eve a fainting traveller
Sank down beside the door;
A cup of crystal water
To quench his thirst he bore.
And when, refreshed and strengthened,
The traveller went his way,
Upon the poor man's threshold
A golden wheat sheaf lay.
Thou may'st not join, etc.

3 When came the Lord of harvest,
He cried, 'O Master kind,
One sheaf I have to offer,
But that I did not bind.
I gave a cup of water
To one athirst, and he
Left at my door, in going,
This sheaf I offer thee.'
Thou may'st not join, etc.

4 Then said the Master softly,
'Well pleased with this am I;
One of my angels left it
With thee, as he passed by.
Thou may'st not join the reapers
Upon the harvest-plain,
But he who helps a brother
Binds sheaves of richest grain.'
Thou may'st not join, etc.

355. *Thanksgiving in harvest.* P.M.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land;
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love!

2 He only is the maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us, etc.

3 We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us, etc.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, 1782 (*translated*).

356. *Winter.* L.M.

'TIS winter now; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

2 And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

3 And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

4 O God! who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

357. *Winter.* M.7.

WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,—
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all Nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1872.

VIII.

TIMES AND SEASONS IN CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

358. *Sunday morning.* S.M.

WE come, Lord, to thy feet,
On this thy holy day:
O come to us, while here we meet
To learn, and praise, and pray.

2 Our many sins forgive;
Thy Holy Spirit send;
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

3 Lord! fill our hearts with love,
Our teachers' labours own;
That we and they may meet above,
To sing before thy throne.

LADY LUCY WHITMORE, 1824.

359. *Sunday worship.* L.M.

FATHER in heaven, thy ceaseless love,
Has brought us to this holy day;
Blest with thy kindness from above,
Another week has passed away.

2 Grant us, O Lord, a grateful heart
To feel thy goodness and obey:
Ne'er may we from thy love depart,
Ne'er may we leave thy heavenly way.

3 Grant us this day a willing mind
To learn what thou wouldst have us do,
And how we may thy favour find,
And love and serve each other too.

4 Thy happy children may we live,
Thy happy children may we die;
To all, O God our Father, give
A home of peace above the sky.

360. *'The Lord's day.'* S.M.

LORD! in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend;
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

2 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

4 Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight!
And grant us in those courts to pray,
Of pure, unclouded light.

STEPHEN G. BULFINCH, 1834.

361. *Sunday thoughts.* 6.M.

FATHER, we love to meet
On this thy holy day;
We worship at thy feet
On this thy holy day;
Thou tender, heavenly friend,
To thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this thy holy day.

2 We would not trifle now
On this thy holy day;
In silent awe we bow
On this thy holy day;
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve thee as we ought
On this thy holy day.

3 We listen to thy word
On this thy holy day;
Bless all that we have heard
On this thy holy day;
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart
On this thy holy day.

ELIZABETH PARSON.

362. *Easter.* 8. | 4.M.

PAST are the cross, the scourge, the thorn,
The scoffing tongue, the gibe, the scorn;

And brightly breaks the Easter morn.
Hallelujah !

2 Gone are the gloomy clouds of night;
The shades of death are put to flight;
And from the tomb beams heavenly light.
Hallelujah !

3 And so, in sorrow dark and drear,
Though black the night, the morn is near:
Soon shall the heavenly day appear.
Hallelujah !

4 And when death's darkness dims our eyes,
From out the gloom our souls shall rise
In deathless glory to the skies.
Hallelujah !

5 Then let us raise the glorious strain,
Love's triumph over sin and pain,
Faith's victory over terror's reign !
Hallelujah !

ALFRED C. JEWITT, 1879.

363. *The dawn of Christmas Day.* C.M.

CALM, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm ;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 'Glory to God'—the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
'Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's eternal King !'

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born ;
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1834.

364.† *The Angels' song.* C.M.D.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
'Peace to the earth—goodwill to men
From heaven's all-gracious King !'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;

And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring ;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold !
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1851.

365. *The Christ-child.* C.M.

LONG, long ago, in manger low,
Was cradled from above
A little child, in whom God smiled,
A Christmas gift of love.

2 When hearts were bitter and unjust,
And cruel hands were strong,
The noise he hushed with hope and trust,
And Peace began her song.

3 Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts
Seem only frost and snow,
And anxious stress and loneliness
And poverty and woe,—

4 Straightway provide a welcome wide,
Nor wonder why they came;
They stand outside our hearts and bide,
Knocking in Jesus' name.

5 For trouble, cold, and dreary care,
Are angels in disguise,
And greeted fair, with trust and prayer,
As Peace and Love they rise!

6 They are the manger, rude and low,
In which a Christ-child lies;
O welcome guest, thy cradle nest
Is always God's surprise!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT, 1874.

366. *'The desire of nations.'* C.M.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

367. *Christmas.* C.M.D.

A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

2 And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And dawning in a lowly birth
Uprose the Light of man.

3 For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of grief,
Of conflict, and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win.

THOMAS T. LYNCH, 1868.

368. *The closing year.* 10. M.

SO grows the rising year, and so declines
By months, weeks, days, unto its peaceful end;
Even as by slow and ever varying signs,
Through childhood, youth, our solemn steps we bend.

2 Lord, make us day by day like Christ to grow;
More pure and good, more dutiful and meek;
Because thou lovest those who love thee so;
Because thy love is the best thing to seek.

3 O God, who art alone the life and light
Of this strange world to which as babes we come,
Keep thou us always children in thy sight;
And at our year's end, Father, take us home!

THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN,' 1860 (*condensed by the author's permission*).

369. *God's continual help.* L.M.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows,
Thy mercy crowns it till its close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
New life, new blessings, and new love
Will sweeter hymns inspire above.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

370.* *For the New Year.* 8.6. | 7.6.M.

ANOTHER year has passed away,
Time swiftly speeds along;
We come again to praise and pray,
And sing our joyous song.
We come with song of greeting,
We come with song again.

2 We come, our Father's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of him who guards us all our days
And guides to heaven above.
We come with song, etc.

3 We'll sing of mercies daily given
Through every passing year;
We'll sing the promises of heaven
With voices loud and clear.
We come with song, etc.

371. *Welcome to the New Year.* 8.6.M.

GOD of the glorious Summer hours,
When scented breezes blow,
We worshipped thee amid the flowers,
We'll worship in the snow.
For all the changing year is thine,
Winter as well as spring;
The bare branch and the leafy vine
Thy praises both shall sing.

2 Thy love the past year led us through,
Thy love the new year gives:
Each month hath blessings fresh and new
For everything that lives.
For all the changing year, etc.

3 Let bitter winds their hardest blow,
Let desolation reign;
From out their graves beneath the snow
New worlds shall live again.
For all the changing year, etc.

MINOT J. SAVAGE, 1875.

372. *'He holdeth our soul in life.'* L.M.

O GOD, my helper, ever near!
Crown with thy smile the present year;
Preserve me by thy favour still,
And fit me for thy sacred will.

2 My safety, each succeeding hour,
Depends on thy supporting power:
Accept my thanks for mercies past,
And be my guide, while life shall last.

3 Let me not murmur or complain
At what thy wisdom shall ordain:
Sickness or health may blessings prove,
As ordered by thy sovereign love.

4 My moments move with wingèd haste,
Nor know I which shall be the last:
Danger and death are ever nigh,
And I this year perhaps may die.

5 Prepare me for the trying day;
Then call my willing soul away:
I'll quit the world at thy command,
And trust my spirit to thy hand.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

373. *Consecration of the year.* M.7.5.

FATHER, here we dedicate
This new year to thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have us be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare we claim;
This alone shall be our prayer:
'Glorify thy name.'

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
'Glorify thy name.'

3 If in mercy thou wilt spare
Joys we yet partake;
If in life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may break;

Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,
Shall in all proclaim;
And, whate'er the year may bring,
'Glorify thy name.'

4 If thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all our gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
May we think how thy dear Son
To his glory came,
In his footsteps follow on,
'Glorify thy name.'

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1864.

374. *First worship of the year.* M.7.

BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
To the souls assembled here;
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

2 Where thou hast the work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

3 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

375. *School anniversary.* L.M.

FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part,
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The bosom-joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on ; and year by year
We change, grow up, or pass away !
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 This sole occasion then is ours,
This day we ne'er again shall see ;
Lord God, awaken all our powers
To spend it for eternity.

4 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand,
On thee for all things we rely ;
Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.

5 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew ;
Send children, teachers, in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son, from race to race.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

376. *School anniversary.* M.8.7. | 7. | 5.

WELCOME, welcome, is the greeting,
Which this day we give our friends ;
Joyous, joyous, is the meeting,
Which their kindly presence lends.

Hands of cheer and hearts sincere
Find we in our comrades here,
As we follow day by day
In the righteous way.

2 Love is still our richest treasure,
Casting out each earth-born fear;
Let the smile of social pleasure
Beam on all who gather here.
Hands of cheer, etc.

3 Like the sun,—our feelings glowing,
Clothe these happy hours in light;
Like the sun,—when we are going,
Let us leave a radiance bright.
Hands of cheer, etc.

4 Shining truth and heavenly gladness
Quicken every soul with love;
Gild the twilight hour of sadness
With a radiance from above.
Hands of cheer, etc.

377. *A Summer excursion.* C.M.D.

THE sweet bright days are come again,
With sun and clouds between;
And, fed alike by sun and rain,
The trees grow broad and green;
Spreads broad and green the leafy tent,
Upon whose grassy floor
Our feet, too long in cities pent,
Their freedom find once more.

2 The sweet bright days are come again ;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover fields,
And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts and happy moods
Of love and joy and prayer.

3 The sweet bright days are come again ;
The birds are on the wing,
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously, they sing.
We know who giveth all our good ;
And, 'neath the arches dim
And ancient pillars of the wood,
We lift our grateful hymn.

IX.

GRACES AND NATIONAL HYMNS.

378. *Grace before a meal.* L.M.

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored!
Thy children bless, and grant that we
In all things may give thanks to thee!

JOHN CENNICK, 1741.

379. *Grace after a meal.* C.M.

TO God, who gives our daily bread,
A thankful song we'll raise;
And pray that he who sends us food
Will fill our hearts with praise.

M. RUMSEY, 1881.

380. *Prayer for our Country.* C.M.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,--
The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;

And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion pure and mild
Upon our sabbaths smile;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

5 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend!

JOHN R. WREFORD, 1837.

381. *My native land.* 8.M.

I SING of thee, my native land,
In strength and beauty thou dost stand!
The people's hope, the freeman's pride,
Thou dost the nations onward guide:
I sing the land that gave me birth,
The fairest land of all the earth.

2 I sing, I sing thy noble past,
O may its blessings ever last!
And may our chiefest striving be
To keep them for posterity:
I sing thy trust in man and right,
In reason's power, and freedom's might!

3 I sing, O God, thy mighty hand,
Which still has kept my native land:
The hand that made the nation free
And crowned it with prosperity;
O may its blessing ever rest
Upon the land I love the best!

X.

THE CLOSE OF SERVICE.

382. *Last words of prayer.* M.7.

SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, almighty thou!

2 With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blest;
In their lives and in their hearts,
Father, be thy laws impressed.

3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above;
Charity for all mankind,—
Trusting faith, enduring love.

THOMAS GRAY, JR., 1833.

383. *Parting to meet again.* 6. | 8.M.

NOW, Lord, we part awhile;
But still in spirit joined,
Embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

2 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways!
And armed with patience run
With joy the appointed race;
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

3 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more;
In the new earth and heaven above,—
The world of righteousness and love!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1747.

384. *Close of the service.* L.M.

LORD! now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above;
Then shall we better sing thy love.

JOHN DRACUP, 1787.

385. *'The flock of God.'* C.M.

O LORD! another day is flown,
And we, a youthful band,

Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises such as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear
The song that childhood pours.

3 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

4 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,—
A flock by Jesus led,—
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

H. KIRKE WHITE, 1803.

386. *The final blessing.* C.M.

THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before his courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be he of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch he still shall keep,
Crown with his peace his own blest day,
And guard his people's sleep.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

387. *Dismissal.* M.8.7. | 4.7.

LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Still in holiness increase.
O sustain us
Till the day of conflict cease!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

WALTER SHIRLEY, 1774.

388.* *'Lead us on.'* M.7.

HEAVENLY Father, lead us on
In the way of truth begun;
Let the light of love divine
All along our pathway shine.

Heavenly Father, lead us on
By the way of duty done,—
Day by day, and hour by hour,
Onward, upward, evermore.

389. *Benediction.* 6. | 1.M.

THE peace which God bestows,
Which from his presence flows
The peace the Father giveth to each son,
Be known in every mind,
The broken-hearted find,
And bless each traveller as he journe's on.

2 Ere daily strifes begin,
The war, without, within,
The God of love, in spirit and in power
Now on each bended head
His richest blessings shed,
And keep us all in every troubled hur.

390. *Last worship of the day.* 10.M.

AGAIN to thee, our guardian God, ve raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worsip cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy wor of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeard way;
With thee began, with thee sha end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the earts from shame,
That in this house have calle upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,—
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

JOHN ELLERTON (*altered*), 1866.

391. *The eternal goodness.* 7.6.M.

TO thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live:
Whose goodness, never failing
Through countless ages gone,
Forever and for ever
Shall still keep shining on.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

SUPPLEMENT.

CHIEFLY OF ANNIVERSARY HYMNS.

392. *Morning Song.* M.65.

MORNING songs of gladness
Unto God we bring,
For the night's refreshment,
Sheltered by his wing.

2 Morning on the mountain,
Morning on the sea,
Wakens sweetest music,
Nature's melody.

3 Dawn is on our foreheads,
Dawn in every breast,
We are young and hopeful;
We by God are blest.

4 Morning songs of gladness
To our God we raise,
Mingling our rejoicing
With all nature's praise.

5 Morning of our life-time
Unto thee be brought,
Holy, consecrated,
Every deed and thought.

6 Morning songs in heaven
Angels sing to thee;
There the fadeless morning
Lasts eternally.

7 In the dawn celestial
May we join their song,
And through endless ages,
Thy sweet praise prolong.

J. CROWTHER HIRST, 1885.

393. *Joy in worship.* 7.6.M.

WITH happy voices ringing
Thy children, Lord, appear;
Their joyous praises bringing
In anthems sweet and clear.
For skies of golden splendour,
For azure rolling sea,
For blossoms sweet and tender,
O Lord, we worship thee.

2 What though no eye beholds thee,
No hand thy hand may feel,
Thy universe unfolds thee,
Thy starry heavens reveal.
The earth and all its glory,
Our homes and all we love,
Tell forth the wondrous story
Of One who reigns above.

3 And shall we not adore thee
With more than joyous song,
And live in truth before thee,
All beautiful and strong?

Lord, bless our souls' endeavour
Thy servants true to be.
And through all life, for ever,
To live our praise to thee.

W. G. TARRANT, 1891.

394. M.11.10.12.10.6. | 11.

The eternal God.

ANCIENT of ages! humbly bent before thee,
Songs of glad homage, Lord, to thee we bring;
Touched by thy spirit, oh, teach us to adore thee,
Sole God and Father, everlasting King!
Let thy light attend us,
Let thy grace befriend us,
Eternal, unrivalled, all-directing King!

2 Send forth thy mandate, gather in the nations,
Thro' the wide universe thy name be known;
Millions of voices shall join in adorations—
Join to adore thee, undivided One!
Every soul invited,
Every voice united—
United to praise thee, undivided One!

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

395. *Praise from loving hearts.* 6.M.

O KING of glory bright,
Thy angels clad in light
Praise thee both day and night;

We, too, of lowly birth,
Thy children here on earth,
Praise thee with pious mirth.

2 O Lord, enthroned above,
Thy great and gracious love
Our joy shall ever prove;
Thy love shall show the way,
And teach us all the day—
In all we do or say.

3 Where love is, words are mild,
All strifes are reconciled,
All pain and toil beguiled;
Love makes the weakest strong,
Love makes our life a song,
Love never can be wrong.

4 O God, our Father dear,
Thy love be always near
To cast out every fear:
Our song we then shall raise,
And chant in sweetest lays
Love's everlasting praise.

JOSEPH WOOD, 1884.

396. *All praise to God.* 6.7. | 6.M.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us;
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given;
We lift our hearts to him
Who reigns in highest heaven:
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
Who was of old, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. RINCKART, 1636,
trans. by C. WINKWORTH (*altered*).

397. *Thanksgiving.* M.7. | 8. | 6.

GLAD thanksgiving to the Lord,
Be by every heart outpoured!
Lord of life and light and beauty,
Lord of truth and love and duty—
Gracious God! we praise thee!

2 Heaven and earth in beauty drest,
Might and mercy manifest—
Starlit gloom and noontide glory,
Glowing summer, winter hoary—
Lord, for these we praise thee!

3 Happy birds in wood and sky
Filling air with melody,
Dews soft falling, winds soft blowing,
Rainbow-gleam and streamlet flowing—
Lord, for these we praise thee!

4 Hero-heart that chooses loss—
Patient love that bears its cross—
Faithful labour, children's gladness,
Sinner's tears of contrite sadness—
Lord, for these we praise thee!

5 Not thy creatures only—we!
Children too we claim to be;
Bless our praises, bless our praying,
Keep us safe from sin and straying—
Keep us, Heavenly Father!

EDITH GITTINS, 1885.

398. *'We bless thee.'* 8.6. | 6.M.

FOR life and health we bless thee, Lord,
For hearing and for sight,
For food and clothing and abode,
For rest of dreamy night:
Girls. We bless thee, O our God.
All. We bless thee, O our God.

2 For all the friends we love on earth,
For all who grant us love,
For sweet affections budding here,
To bloom in heaven above:
Girls. We bless thee, O our God.
All. We bless thee, O our God.

Sent them to lighten gloom,
Filled them with rich perfume,
Fashioned each graceful bloom:
Our God is love.

2 Our Father sent the breeze,
Sunshine and rain,
Bade spring with blossoms free
Deck hill and plain.
And over nature's face
Scattered a charm and grace,
Beauty in every place:
Our God is love.

3 Our Father planned the earth,
With wondrous skill,
Ordered creation's realm,
To do his will.
In him all being lives,
And at his hand receives
Bounties he kindly gives:
Our God is love.

4 Our Father's watchful care
Guards over all;
God heeds the drooping bird,
The blossom's fall,
And from his throne on high,
Hears when the lonely cry;
His love is ever nigh:
Our God is love.

5 Our Father's worthy praise,
Then let us sing,

And in our hearts and lives
Glad tribute bring.
So may our spirits free
Like to the flowers be,
Emblems of purity :
Our God is love.

JAMES H. S. COOPER, 1882.

402. *The voice of God.* 8. | 6. M.

GOD speaks to us in bird and song ;
In winds that drift the clouds along ;
Above the din of toil and wrong,—
A melody of love.

2 God speaks to us in far and near ;
In peace of home and friends most dear ;
From the dim past, and present clear, —
A melody of love.

3 God speaks to us in darkest night ;
By quiet ways through mornings bright ;
When shadows fall with evening light,—
A melody of love.

4 God speaks to us in every land ;
On wave-lapp'd shore and silent strand ;
By kiss of child, and touch of hand,—
A melody of love.

5 O voice Divine, speak thou to me !
Beyond the earth, beyond the sea ;
First let me hear, then sing to thee
A melody of love.

JOSEPH JOHNSON, 1886.

403. *Children's worship.* P.M.

CAN a little child like me,
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, O yes, be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do;
Love the Lord, and do your part,
Learn to say with all your heart,
Father, I thank thee!
Father, I thank thee!
Dear heavenly Father, I thank thee!

2 For the fruit upon the tree;
For the birds that sing of thee;
For the earth in beauty drest,
Father, mother, and the rest;
For thy tender loving care,
For thy bounty everywhere,
Father, I thank thee!
Father, I thank thee!
Dear heavenly Father, I thank thee!

MARY M. DODGE.

404. *'Forward.'* M.6.5.

FORWARD, children, forward!
Life is dawning bright;
Leave the night behind you,
Onward into light!
Heavenly voices call you,
Hearken and obey,
God himself shall lead you
Surely day by day.

Forward, children, forward!
Life is dawning bright;
Leave the night behind you,
Onward into light!

2 Breezy spring may languish,
Fade the summer sun,
Autumn rich, and winter,
Round and round may run:
Still through falling seasons
Love shall safe abide,
Lasting as the mountain,
Steadfast as the tide.
Forward, children, etc.

3 Childhood's golden morning
Breaks in manhood's day;
Life's high noon is fleeting,
Age knows no delay:
Waken, children, waken!
Gather wisdom's word;
Follow Christ your leader,
Learn to know the Lord.
Forward, children, etc.

4 Days of toil are coming,
Hours, perchance, of pain;
Conflicts where the mighty
Sink upon the plain.
Learn to bear you bravely;
Lean on God alway;
Ere the stress of battle,
Children, watch and pray!
Forward, children, etc.

5 Soon we'll stand triumphant,
Sin and danger o'er,
Never more to sever,
On a brighter shore.
There we'll serve our Father
Saintly souls among,
There we'll bless his mercy
In a nobler song!
Forward, children, etc.

AMBROSE N. BLATCHFORD, 1889.

405. *The little ones.* 7.6.8.6.M.

GOD bless the little children,
The faces sweet and fair;
The bright young eyes, so strangely wise,
The bonny silken hair.
God love the little children,
The angels at the door,
The music sweet of little feet
That patter on the floor.

2 God help the little children,
Who cheer our saddest hours,
And shame our fears for future years,
And give us winter flowers.
God keep the little children,
Whom we no more can see;
Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
Where we desire to be.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS

406. *Festival.* M.8.7. | 7. | 8.

FROM the east the light upspringing,
Poured its rays abroad to-day,
Peace from God, and gladness bringing,
Making earth so fair and gay.
Joyful children rose from sleep
This their festival to keep.
Lord of morning's summer-gleaming,
Thee we thank for days so beaming!

2 Now the sun on high is shining,
And the sky is glowing bright;
Even clouds, with silver lining,
Show the blessing of the light.
Through the radiant hours of day
We would pass with grateful lay.
Lord of noontide's ample glory,
Thee we thank for day's bright story!

3 Soon the west will fade in splendour,
And the evening star will shine,
Speaking, with its message tender,
Of a watchfulness divine.
Morns of gladness come and go,
Noontide glory, sunset glow.
Lord of days so quickly flying,
Guard us with thy love undying!

DENDY AGATE, 1901.

407. *The labourers' hymn.* 11.M. (Anap.)

'GO work in my vineyard, my garden and field,
And bring me the fruits and the flowers they yield.'

Wake thou in us abundance
  Of duty, love, and praise ;
That hearts of wintry sadness
  May feel the breath of spring,
And summer's time of gladness
  The autumn glories bring !

DENDY AGATE, 1883.

409. *Christmas Day.* 10.M.

CHRISTIANS, awake ! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born.
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God's great glory and of Mary's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, 'Behold!
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth.
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

3 He spake, and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy unknown before, conspire :
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Hallelujahs rang,
God's highest glory was their anthem still ;
Peace upon earth and mutual good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim—
The first apostles of the Saviour's name.

5 So run the ancient verses that record,
In legends sweet, the coming of the Lord.
O, may the angelic strains for ever ring
In our glad hearts, and peace and blessing bring!
Give us, O God, thy holiest gift, we pray—
His spirit,—as we hymn his birth this day.

JOHN BYROM, 1750 (*altered, and v. 5 added*).

410. *Good King Wenceslas.* M.7.6.

GOOD King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

2 'Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?'

'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain.'

3 'Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.'
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

4 'Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.'
'Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

5 In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

JOHN MASON NEALE, 1853.

411. *Old Year and New.* L.M.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2 Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

4 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

5 Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

6 Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LORD TENNYSON, 1850.

ANOTHER year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds,
By winter's snow concealed.

2 Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

3 Another year of happy work,
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

4 Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessèd ways,
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.

5 Another year at beauty's feast,
At every moment spread,
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

6 Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight,
Another year of God!

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THE END.